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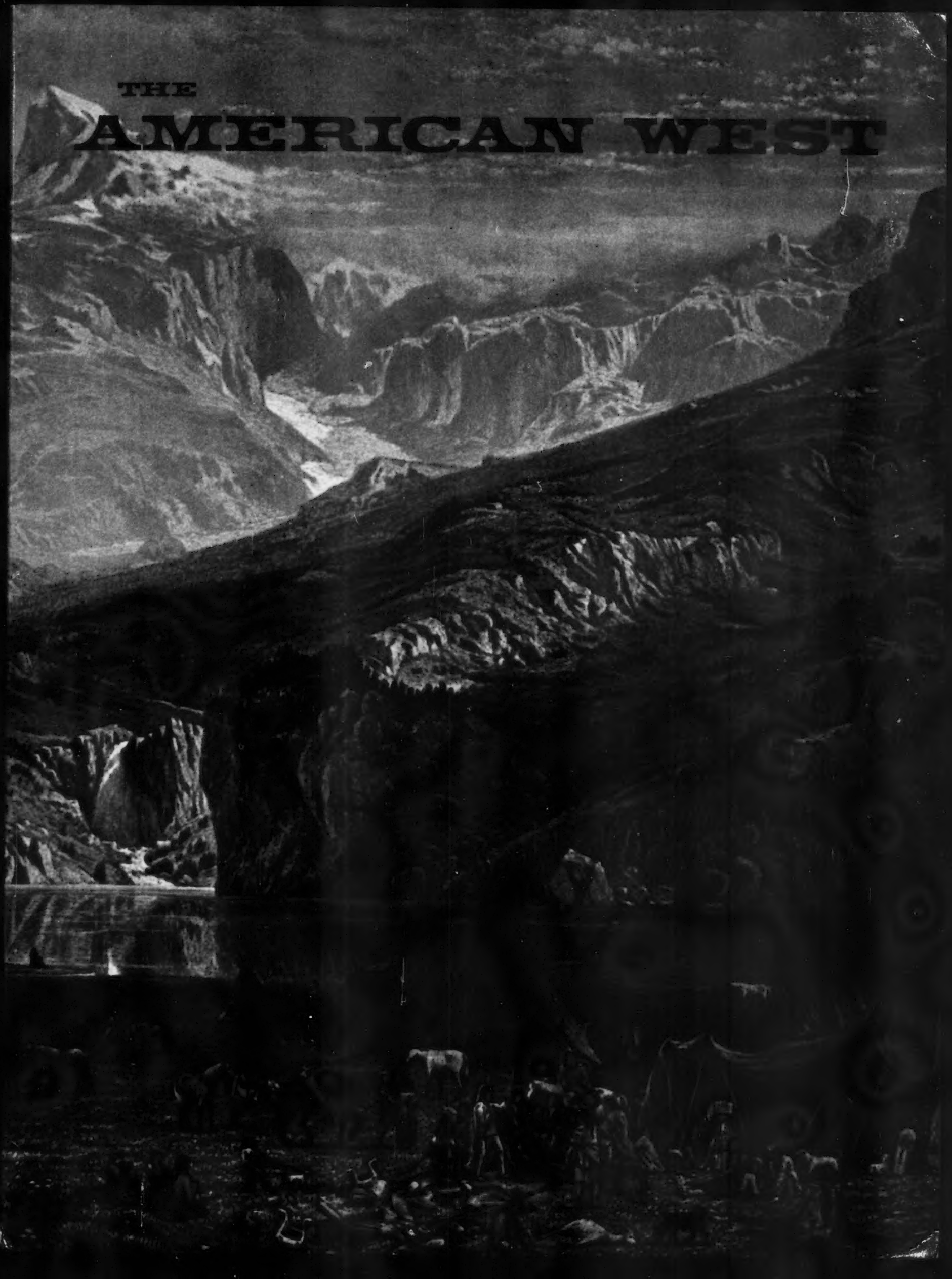

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Footbridge in Asahel Curtis Grove near Snoqualmie Pass in the Cascade Mountains.

ED COOPER

By Fayre and Gentle Meanes

The Hudson's Bay Company and the American Indian

By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

The history of the fur men who opened up and influenced large parts of the American West is, in some respects, an extension of a chapter of continental history that began on the shores of the St. Lawrence River in the early sixteenth century. For some two hundred and fifty years prior to the advance of American trappers and traders up the Missouri River and across the plains to the Rockies, fur trade history was written boldly in Canada and through the Great Lakes country of the present-day United States by men principally out of Montreal and Hudson Bay.

Though the Americans introduced significant innovations they were the heirs of the French and British who, in Canada, established many of the enduring patterns for the traffic in furs. This article, which first appeared in the New York Westerners' Brand Book, *deals with one of those patterns, as fashioned by the Hudson's Bay Company. The Americans, many persons will recognize, did not always hew closely to the examples set by their international rivals, including the venerable HBC. But the British firm, soon after the start of the eighteenth century, was in competition with Americans, first in parts of the northern plains and then in the Northwest. An understanding of their relations with the suppliers of furs, the various Indian tribes, may be interesting for comparison with the conduct and methods of the Americans.*

Beginning in the fifteenth century, the peoples of Western Europe, equipped with superior technology and armament, sailed out of their ports and established dominion over the native inhabitants of large parts of the rest of the world. Engaging in conflict for monopolistic positions among themselves, they exploited, changed, and destroyed native societies with which they dealt, and, in the process, enriched the economies of their own countries and acquired the wherewithal to increase further their technological superiority over the peoples they dominated.

The Hudson's Bay Company was an institution of that outward surge from Europe. Men, of course, act within the context of the morality and the just and allowable behavior of their own times and cultures, and it is less than honest to attempt to judge events of the past solely in terms of a later day's ideas of right and wrong. Nevertheless, the relations between the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Indians can be seen fairly and truly only from a perspective that recognizes the imperialistic dynamics of the company during its fur trade heyday from 1670 to 1870—the time span with which this study is concerned.

By a royal charter, granted May 2, 1670, the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," became the "true and absolute Lordes and Proprietors"

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, VICTORIA

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

John McLoughlin (left) and Gov. George Simpson believed in ruling Indians with a "rod of iron," a policy not always followed by other leaders of the company.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Alexander Ross (left) and Peter Skene Ogden tried to sympathize with the Indians but often vilified them when frustrated by traits they did not understand.

"Dickering with the Factor," 1912. Frank E. Schoonover painted this scene after observing Cree and Ojibwa Indians conduct trade at posts in Ontario.

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of a vast portion of present-day Canada, all of it, save a small fringe of the Hudson Bay shoreline, unexplored and unknown, but surmised to be inhabited by many native peoples who would provide the new company with furs. Within this huge territory, which was given the name of Rupert's Land, the company was granted ownership of the land and of mineral and fishing rights, as well as the exclusive right to trade with the natives. Though responsible for its actions to the Crown, the Parliament, and British public opinion, the company, as "Lordes" of the grant, was free to rule, administer, and police the native populations in any way that seemed necessary and possible. Later, in the nineteenth century, the company acquired additional rights to all the territory west and northwest of Rupert's Land, thus, in effect, spreading its authority across the homelands and hunting and fishing grounds of all the native inhabitants of British North America outside the boundaries of Canada as it was constituted prior to 1867.

All of this was consistent with traditional European practice. Sovereignty was claimed by discovery or conquest, and lands and rights were granted to individuals and groups by the governments of the nations claiming sovereignty. Native sovereignty was rarely, if ever, considered, though occasionally more than lip service was paid to the recognition that, because the Indians owned the land, their title to it had to be extinguished. Thus, in 1668, Capt. Zachariah Gillam, commander of the *Nonsuch* of the adventurers' first trading expedition to Hudson Bay, even before the charter had been granted, is said to have made a treaty with Indians in James Bay, formally purchasing Rupert's River "and the Lands thereabouts." How binding this was, and how seriously it served as a precedent for further company land acquisitions from natives, will be discussed later.

It cannot be known how many Indians and Eskimos in so huge a tract of land were under the Hudson's Bay Company's stewardship or influence at any one time, although the maximum number may have been considerably more than two hundred and fifty thousand. They included the members of a great number of different tribes of many language families and varying environments and cultures. In the so-called Arctic cultural region, stretching from the coasts of Labrador and Hudson Bay, across northern Canada to the present boundary with Alaska, were numerous groups of Eskimos. In the Subarctic regions were Algonquian-speaking tribes, living generally south and east of Hudson Bay, and including Naskapi, Montagnais, and Cree, though the latter also circled about the southern end of Hudson Bay and extended northwestward to the Churchill River and westward beyond the north side of Lake Winnipeg.

West of Hudson Bay, stretching across the vast Subarctic north of Canada, was a host of Athapascan-speaking tribes, including the Chipewyan, Beaver, Dogrib, Carrier, Hare, Sekani, Nahani, Slave, Tahltan, Tuchone, Yellowknife, and

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY PAINTING BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE, R.C.A

Arctic Eskimos of the seventeenth century await the HBC ship with fox, seal, and bear skins to be bartered for saws, needles, fish-hooks, and knives.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY PAINTING BY ADAM SHERRIFF SCOTT

In an attempt to impress the Indians, Governor Simpson visited Fort St. James, B.C., in 1828 with twenty men, a band, and a piper in Highland dress.

Kutchin. In the woodland country farther south, from the northern side of the Great Lakes to the Canadian plains, were other Algonquian-speakers, including Ojibwas (also called Chippewas and, in the case of some of their bands, Saulteurs) and Ottawas, while on the Canadian plains were more Crees, as well as Athapascan-speaking Sarcis, Siouan-speaking Assiniboines, and Atsinas (known by several names, including Gros Ventres), Piegans, Bloods, and Blackfeet, all of the Algonquian language family.

As Hudson's Bay Company trade pushed westward beyond the bounds of Rupert's Land, a huge number of additional tribes, inhabiting the Rocky Mountains, the Western Plateau and Columbia Basin, and the Northwest Coast, came under company domination or influence. They included such diverse peoples as the sea-oriented Haidas and Tlingits of the coast, the horse-mounted Kutenais, Nez Percés, and Flatheads of the Plateau, the Shoshonis and Paiutes of the Oregon and Idaho Great Basin region, and the Chinooks and neighboring fishing tribes of the lower Columbia River.

All of these peoples, with their differing cultural backgrounds, languages, and social, political, and religious systems, were at one time or another engaged in trade with the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, in addition, were free to impose upon them whatever authority they considered appropriate and practicable. In that light, it is a remarkable testament to the company, and its policies and personnel, that its members were able to cope, usually on company terms, successfully and harmoniously for so long with so many different peoples of varied cultures. The reason is not hard to discover, for it must be said further that, in comparison with the domination exerted over native peoples by many other Europeans in North America and elsewhere, the Hudson's Bay Company pursued its long-range goals with an unusual degree of self-discipline, characterized by a steadfast commitment to restraint and, in general, a conscientious regard for humane and principled dealings with the natives.

The company did not come to the New World to conquer or dispossess the Indians. It did not covet their land, hunting grounds, or fishing stations. It did not mean to disrupt them, undermine their beliefs, destroy their means of existence, shatter their organizations and ways of life, or change them into white men. It did not come with the threats of death or conflict. It was a commercial enterprise, in business to make a profit by buying furs peaceably from the natives at prices that would bring the highest rewards to its stockholders. Since the Indians provided the furs, common sense dictated policies that would draw the natives with their pelts, in increasing numbers and without interruption, to company posts and traders.

To further the goal of maximum trade and profits, company policies regarding relations with the Indians were sternly dictated and monitored by the committee in London and were

THIS PAGE: HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY PAINTINGS BY CHARLES F. COMFORT, R.C.A.

As chief factor for the Hudson's Bay Company, John McLoughlin welcomed the first settlers to Fort Vancouver on September 16, 1834.

The Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land at a meeting in 1836. Rarely have so few administered so large an area in North America.

fairly consistent. From the start, traders at the bay were instructed to use a "mild and benevolent approach" to the Indians and to treat them in such a manner as to encourage their wish to continue to provide furs to the company and also bring in the trade of other Indians from their own and additional tribes.

"Draw downe the Indians by fayre and gentle meanes to trade with us," the committee directed Henry Sergeant, the new governor at James Bay in 1683, exhorting him also to use justice and humanity in dealing with the natives. Again, in the 1730s the Letters Outward to traders at the bay were filled with instructions to "use" the natives "very civilly" and "at all times to Trade upon an Equal Foundation." This was not rhetoric but practical policy, laid down decade after decade in directions to company officers at the various posts. The company needed and desired friendly natives, not enemies. It was not "the intention or the interest of the Company to create Contentions" with the Indians, the London Committee wrote to personnel in the field in 1805.

Officers and servants who conducted themselves or the trade in such a way as to violate these instructions and offend the native suppliers of furs usually received reproof, stern punishment, or recall by the committee. In the 1720s, reports of "irregularities and debaucheries, disgusting and terrifying the Natives from coming to trade" resulted in the disciplining of the leadership at Albany Fort and the recall of some of its personnel. Similarly, on occasions when a company post or company personnel were attacked by Indians, the committee was quick to suspect that the natives had been responding to ill-usage by traders or servants who had violated orders from home. Explanations were demanded, and little sympathy was given to company offenders.

An uninterrupted, orderly trade required, in addition, peace among the tribes, and almost from the beginning the committee included peacemaking activities as one of the capstones of its Indian policy. The Indians, as well as the whites, sought monopolistic positions for themselves in the trade. A tribe, dealing directly with the whites and acquiring the white men's guns and manufactured goods, wished to be the only tribe in that fortunate position and certainly did not relish equal good fortune for its enemies. With the guns received from the whites, it would gain superiority over its rivals, who would not have guns. Even when it had no hostile intent against another tribe, it wished to play the favored position of middleman, turning a profit for itself, as it were, by trading to the other tribes the goods it had received from the whites.

Since this ran counter to the interests of the company, which desired the trade of all tribes that could provide it with furs, diplomacy, goodwill, and tact had to be called upon regularly. During its first years at the bay, the company traded principally with Crees, who even before the arrival of the whites had been expanding aggressively toward the north and west against other tribes. With their newly acquired trade guns, the Crees became more of a menace to their enemies, all of whom were rapidly perceived by the company to be potential suppliers of furs. As early as 1690, the company realized that it had to get to the interior tribes, make peace between them and the Crees, and persuade them that

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY. TAKEN FROM BALLANTYNE'S *HUDSON'S BAY*

The high quality of their merchandise won HBC traders the loyalty of many of the fur-supplying Indians.

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Large numbers of Indians are notably absent in this scene of the Fort Garry (Winnipeg) trading post. To avoid competitive trade by private individuals, Indians were often barred from certain areas.

they would receive the same fair treatment which the Crees were receiving at the company's trading posts on the bay. Missions like those of Henry Kelsey, who in 1690–92 journeyed inland to the Canadian plains and tried to make peace between the Crees and Assiniboines, and William Stuart, who actually did achieve peace between the Crees and their traditional enemies, the Chipewyans, in a heroic trip to the Northwest in 1715–16, were notable episodes in a continuing peacemaking effort on the company's part.

The policy could not, and did not, always succeed, and, in fact, one of the more destructive results of the fur trade—resulting sometimes simply from the presence of the Hudson's Bay Company as a source of supply of guns and a fountainhead of friction, but more often from competition between different white fur gatherers, including members of the Hudson's Bay Company—was accelerated warfare between the tribes. Beyond the control of peacemaking company traders, Ojibwas with guns drove the unarmed Sioux out of their Minnesota homelands and onto the plains, thus causing a wave of collisions of one tribe against another. In the North and Northwest, Chipewyans, enrolled in the trade, stepped up their terrorization of Eskimos, and in the West, newly armed Blackfeet raided the Kutenais and Shoshonis, scattering their people into and beyond the Rocky Mountains. As Hudson's Bay Company men reached each tribe, they tried to bring peace. Sometimes their efforts achieved success, and sometimes they were able to establish, at best, only a temporary and uneasy period of truce. On many occasions, the peacemakers themselves became victims of the very tribes they had armed. Hudson's Bay Company officers and servants, again and again, felt the angry enmity of Atsinas and Blackfeet who tried to halt their trade with tribes west of the Rocky Mountains.

THE VERY NATURE of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its tight direction and control over personnel, aided the committee in assuring a maximum observance of its Indian policy by the men in the field. To minimize friction, to establish and maintain the Indians' respect for the whites, and to avoid private, competitive trade by individuals, strict rules were issued from time to time, forbidding the men at the posts to mix with the natives, take native wives, trade them alcohol, or behave in any fashion that would arouse native contempt. Rigid regulations were defined concerning how trade was to be conducted at the posts. Indians were often barred from certain parts of the establishments, and large numbers of Indians were rarely admitted to the posts at one time. Often, only leading men and Indians who were known to be friendly could gain entry, and frequently all trade was conducted with businesslike formality through a small window or hole in the wall.

In actual practice, some of the rules were more frequently violated than observed. Private trade with Indians, particularly by ships' captains and top company officials at the posts, was a constant headache to the committee. Furthermore, asking men in the long and lonely isolation of wilderness trading houses to ignore the social company of Indian women was

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Nootka Sound Indian: one of more than two hundred and fifty thousand natives influenced by the HBC.

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On the whole, relations between Indians and whites were friendly. Natives showed traders how to adapt to wilderness life by introducing them to the use of snowshoes, fur mittens, and pemmican (dried meat).

unrealistic. Most men managed to find ways to fraternize with the Indians around the posts, and not a few of the governors and chief factors of the company, including such men of authority and influence as George Simpson, James Isham, Andrew Graham, John McLoughlin, and David Thompson, took Indian wives and raised families of half-blood children. One of the latter, Moses Norton, the part-Cree son of Governor Richard Norton, even became chief factor at Churchill in the 1760s, while many other half bloods also rose to positions of prominence in the company's ranks. Finally, the company's history was spotted with episodes that reflected more serious violations of rules; murders, armed attacks by Indians, and the burning of posts often resulted from alcoholic binges, the cheating of natives, or incidents of over-familiarity, contemptuous conduct by a white, or lax behavior at a post.

In a further attempt to ensure fair, aboveboard, and consistent dealings with the Indians, the company also utilized a rigid "Standard of Trade," a price list of how many beaver pelts it expected to receive for each item of trade, such as ten skins for a gun and so forth. The formal standard was intended to show the Indians that they were all treated alike, that there was no chance for haggling, that they could get no better deal at one post as against another, and that the company was an honorable one that made plain its prices and stuck to them. At the same time, it also reflected the tight organizational control of the company: the men were all employees who followed rules and had no freedom to risk problems and difficulties by setting their own prices or varying them as they saw fit. In practice, especially when the traders were faced by competitors for the Indians' furs, the rigidity of the standard disappeared. Sometimes the traders' complaints and advice induced the committee to agree to changes in the price list or to differences in prices from post to post; sometimes the traders simply felt they had to make the changes themselves on the spot; and sometimes they got completely around the standard by giving added "presents" to the Indians or—in a nefarious practice that became known as the "Overplus of Trade"—by paying them less than the called-for price.

When the overplus practice became known in London, the traders pleaded that they used the difference, which they had saved the company, to make presents to Indians or to provide credit to Indian fur suppliers (itself a practice on which the committee generally frowned). There is evidence that the committee tolerated the overplus practice, even though it must have known that it constituted the defrauding of Indians. In the mid-eighteenth century, for example, one Richard White, a clerk for seven years at Albany Fort, told a Parliamentary investigating committee that some of the governors "have their Measure for Powder too short, and don't fill even that short Measure above half full; that the Profits gained by this Method are distinguished by the name of the Overplus trade, which signifies the Number of Skins which are gained more than are paid for on the footing of the Standard; that the Company knows of this practice . . . and either the Governor, or the Company, takes all the Profits of the Overplus trade."

Although the charter gave it a monopoly position in Rupert's Land, the Hudson's Bay Company was rarely without competition—often the bitterest and most violent sort—throughout the entire 1670-1870 period. At one time or another, the competitors included British interlopers in Rupert's Land; French traders from the St. Lawrence, sometimes supported by French naval power; Canadians out of Montreal and Quebec; New England colonial traders; American fur companies and free trappers and traders; and Russians on the Northwest Coast. Inevitably, the circumstances of competition demanded flexibility, and even change, in the company's relations with the Indians.

To draw fur-supplying Indians to themselves and away from competitors, and to retain the loyalty of natives in the face of seduction by others, the company's traders relied principally on their ability to supply the Indians with a more reliable and better grade of trade goods than was offered by their rivals. In this, they received determined support from the members of the London Committee, who directed the purchasing and shipping of quality goods that the natives desired, and which would not disappoint them. Brazil tobacco, the kind most favored by the natives, was purchased in Portugal, and high quality cloth and manufactured goods were shopped for in Great Britain. In 1780, the first of the famous Hudson's Bay Company "point" blankets were introduced to the Indians; their superiority over the blankets offered by other traders was recognized so quickly by the natives that after 1786 they became one of the more popular articles of the company's trade.

In many instances, the offering of better quality goods kept competition at a disadvantage. But often it was not enough. The Indians welcomed competition among the whites, shopping around for not only the best goods but the best prices. At such times, Hudson's Bay Company traders were forced into improvisations that represented violations of a normally conducted trade. The Standard of Trade was eroded as prices paid to Indians were raised at individual posts in order to outbid competition. The relaxing of the standard, in time, worked against the Indians as well, for once the prices were raised, they could also be lowered. Thus, when competition disappeared, traders had no hesitancy in lowering their prices abruptly, sometimes to well below their original levels. When that occurred, Indians, who had become dependent on trade, had to accept the new prices.

The flexibility in prices often failed the company too, and its traders then fell back, though sometimes reluctantly, on using the ultimate, and most reprehensible, lure of the fur trade. Like a thread, running through the records of the Hudson's Bay Company, is the sustained sentiment among the members of the London Committee against the use of alcohol at the posts overseas. Moderate use by the men was some-

times permitted, but it was not to be extended to the natives. Nevertheless, it was recognized both at home and in the field that the Indians possessed a need for alcohol when they possessed no other, and if the competition offered it—as it did—and that was the only way to procure furs for the company, then its use had to be condoned.

As early as 1668, records show that company ships took brandy with them to the bay, although it may have been solely for the use of the whites. However, company traders realized before long that the French had long been using brandy in exchange for furs, and soon there were incidents of its employment by the English. Competition gradually increased its use by both sides, and after 1706 the Hudson's Bay Company was sending gin and West Indian rum as well as brandy to its posts on the bay. The result was the debauchment of the Indians, a conscienceless process that quickened during the company's competition with the Montreal-based "Pedlars" south of James Bay after 1763 and on the Saskatchewan after 1770. The liquor produced the furs, often at cheap prices, but it demoralized tribes, destroyed their standards, self-respect, independence, and health, provoked individuals into violence against each other and the whites, and led to endless turmoil and all sorts of difficulties for the hapless traders—who saw no way to stop using it as long as the competition employed it. "Brandy Brandy is the cry," wrote the Hudson's Bay Company trader Humphrey Martin from Albany River in the early 1770s, "and very sure I am that since Henley House has been established I have had three times the trouble with the natives than before."

At times, the use of alcohol, tolerated by the London Committee, which looked the other way, made a mockery of the company's best intentions of "fayre and gentle" treatment of the Indians. In 1777, Matthew Cocking, totally frustrated in his attempts to wean Indians away from Canadian competitors on the Saskatchewan, concluded that liquor had to be used. Thereafter, the alcoholic floodgates were opened in the western trade, and the debauchment of the plains tribes proceeded with little restraint, providing, decade after decade, one of the more shameful chapters in the relationship of white men with North American Indians.

In its use of alcohol, the Hudson's Bay Company was probably more restrained than its rivals, the Pedlars, or, later, the North West Company, the Russians, and various groups of American traders. The London Committee offered steady reminders that it deplored its use and earnestly desired that it not be employed. These sentiments were echoed by its more responsible officers in the field; and men like George Simpson and John McLoughlin took the initiative in trying to secure pacts with rival traders to stop the liquor traffic and did, on their own, halt the use of alcohol whenever competition slackened or disappeared. But as late as the 1860s, the Hudson's Bay Company felt it had to permit the reintroduction of liquor in the trade because new competitors had started using it again on the Pacific Coast and the central plains.

Withal, Hudson's Bay Company policy, as planned and directed in London and carried out by officers and servants in the field, had, in general, the desired results for the company as a profit-making institution. Not all of the company's men were good, and not all of its orders and instructions were faithfully observed. But, in one way or another, it got on better with the Indians than its rivals, holding their loyalty through the years and outstaying all competition. At times, even competitors admitted as much, though none perhaps so generously as Colin Robertson, a former North West Company clerk who, when seeking to join the Hudson's Bay Company after 1804, commended it for "The mode you employ in transacting business with the natives of this Country, where your Candour and Generosity so far eclipses that of the Canadian Merchant that every impartial man must regret that you have not that footing in the North which your Conduct together with the natural advantages you possess entitles you to."

When intense rivalry developed a decade later between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company in the Athabaska country, Robertson's observation received confirmation: despite aggressive, and often violent, Nor'-Wester competition, the Indians, by and large, gave their loyalty to the Hudson's Bay Company. The North West Company, according to one of its own men, Simon McGillivray, Jr., lost "character, reputation and fame" among the natives, and the conflict weakened that organization and contributed to its eventual demise.

So much for the London-directed policies of the Hudson's Bay Company. The achievement of the company's goal, however, the acquisition of furs to sell for annual profits, rested, as must be clear by now, on intimate and personal, day-to-day relationships between two sets of humans, the traders and the Indians. From their first arrival at the bay, the white men, few in number and alone and isolated in an alien land, needed the Indians. The latter supplied not only furs but food that kept alive the men at the posts and those who traveled in the interior. Along the bay, groups of Indians, who came to be known as Home Guards, settled around the posts and for many years provided the whites with huge stores of geese, partridge, and other wildfowl. There and elsewhere, Indians also brought in fish and wild game, and in the buffalo country entire bands supplied the company with its annual requirement of pemmican, making possible the long-distance journeys of traders and their brigades to the fur lands of the North and Far West. In addition, the natives were essential as ambassadors to other tribes, and as guides, interpreters, translators, and companions and allies in the wilderness.

On numerous occasions, Hudson's Bay Company men were the first whites to be seen by Indians. Almost without exception, the initial contacts were friendly, and relations remained

Continued on page 61

Drawing from life, Samuel Seymour depicted this Kiowa encampment while serving as staff artist on Maj. Stephen H. Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1819–20. The William R. Coe Collection includes ten of Seymour's original watercolors.

AN AMERICAN WEST TREASURE

The Frederick W. Beinecke Collection, Yale University

EDITOR'S NOTE: When we relate New England to history, we generally think of the original thirteen colonies, the American Revolution, tea parties, and Bunker Hill. It comes as a surprise to many to learn that one of the finest collections of Western Americana is housed at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut. So important is this collection that the Western History Association has broken with the tradition of holding its annual meeting in the West and will, this October, travel to New Haven, home of the fabulous Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. Archibald Hanna, the curator, has written this brief explanation of the origin and development of the western treasures of the Yale Collection.

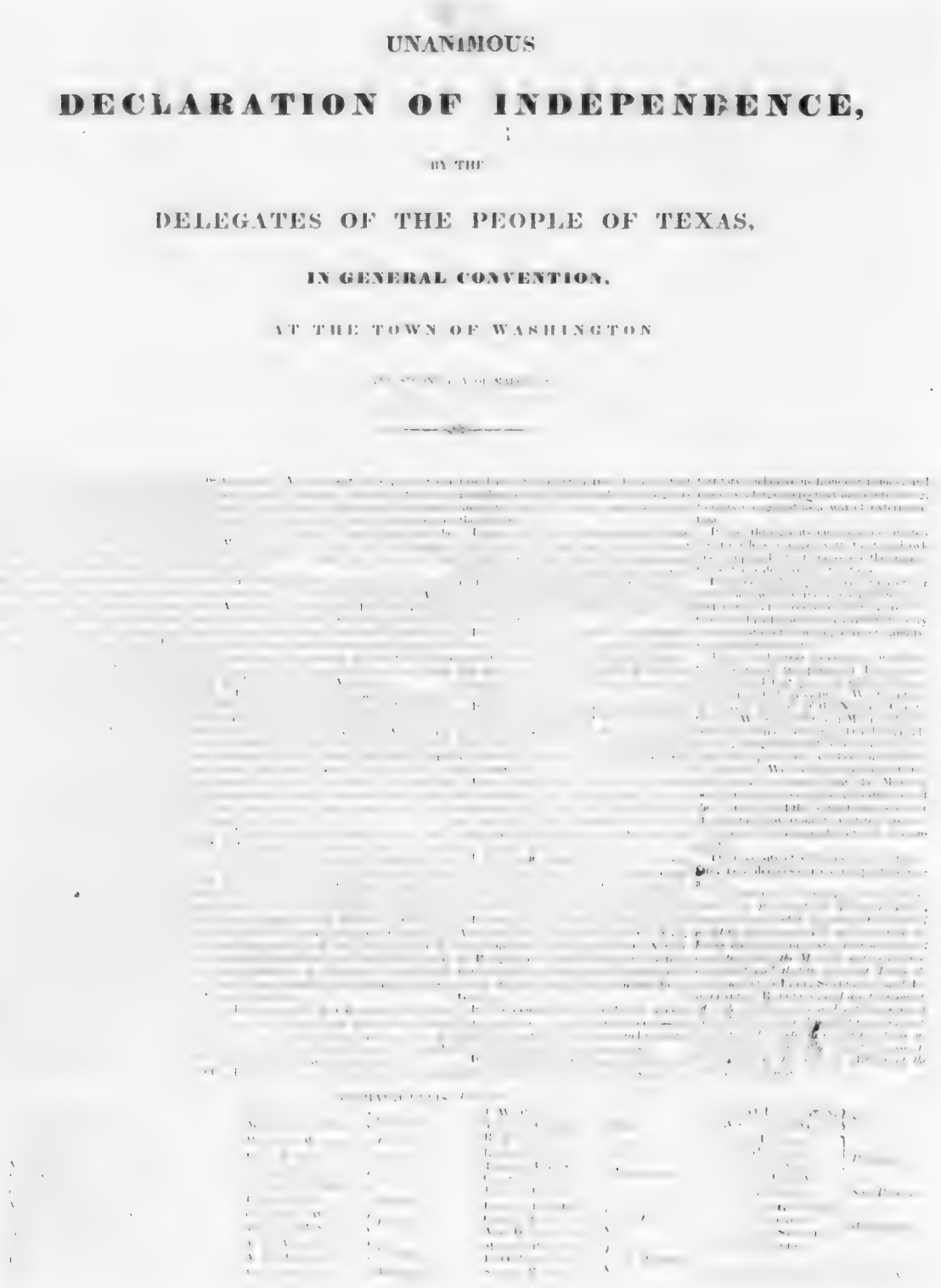
"Fort Laramie" is the work of Alfred Jacob Miller, who joined Sir William Drummond Stewart and the American Fur Company caravan in their trek west as far as eastern Oregon in 1837–38. Thirty-seven of his paintings are in the Beinecke Library.

HUNT IN CONNECTICUT

By Archibald Hanna

THE COLLECTION housed in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library of Yale University is one of the largest in existence of rare books, manuscripts, maps, and pictures devoted to the early history of the Trans-Mississippi West. It consists of six different sections, each originally formed by a private collector: the Frederick W. Beinecke Collection of Western Americana; the William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana; the Walter B. McClintock Indian Collection; the Winlock W. Miller, Jr., Pacific Northwest Collection; the Thomas W. Streeter Texas Collection; and the Henry R. Wagner Texas and Middle West Collection.

Although the Western Americana Collection has existed as



UNANIMOUS

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

BY THE

DELEGATES OF THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS,

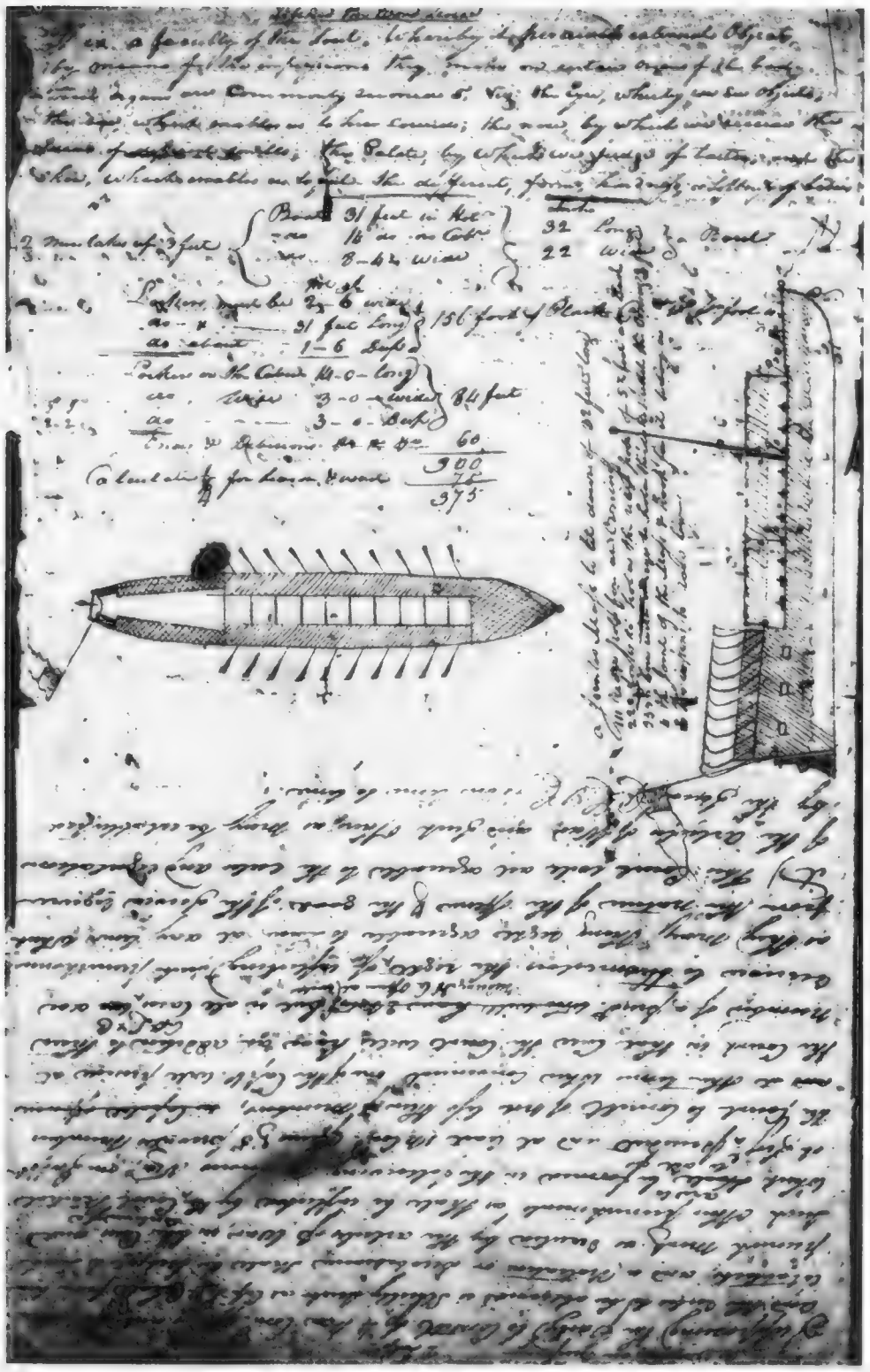
IN GENERAL CONVENTION,

AT THE TOWN OF WASHINGTON

Texas declared "eternal political separation" from the "military despotism" of Mexico in 1836. This document is part of the collection of Thomas W. Streeter, who called it the "outstanding state paper in Texas history."

a separate entity for only the last twenty years, Yale's interest in the West goes back much further. Scientists on the Yale faculty helped to classify and evaluate many of the specimens brought back by exploring expeditions in the West. Men such as Benjamin Silliman, the geologist, and Othniel Marsh, the paleontologist, were intimately connected with the West, as their books and papers, now in the Yale library, show. There were many others as well.

Around 1916, Yale acquired Henry W. Wagner's Texas and Middle West Collection. One of the great figures in Western Americana, a bibliographer and scholar as well as collector, Wagner in his lifetime assembled half a dozen notable collections in various fields. But it was the gift of the William Robertson Coe Collection, in a series of annual presentations beginning in 1943, that made it possible for Yale to bring together as a working collection its scattered holdings in the field of western history. It was not only that Coe's collection was one of the largest in the field; he also provided a generous endowment for its maintenance and growth. At the same time, he established a chair in American history at Yale. The

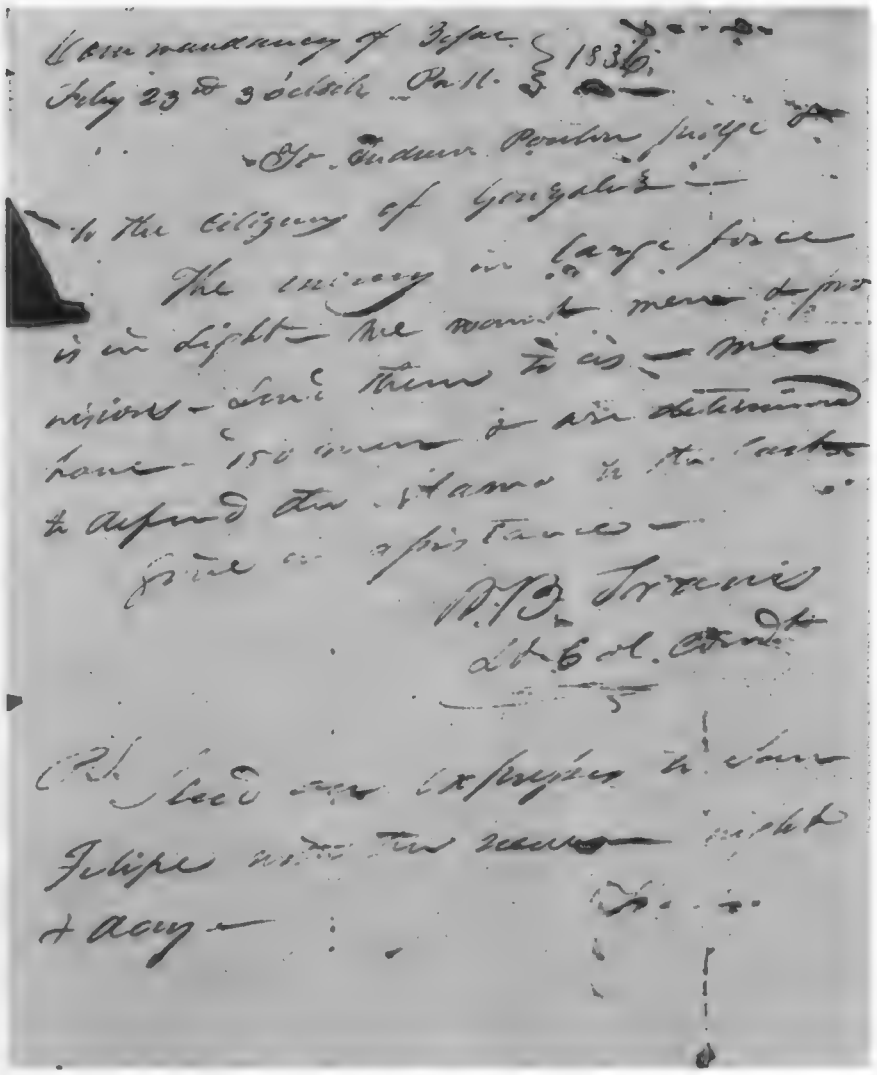


William Clark made this plan for building a keel boat in 1804, before ascending the Missouri River with the command he shared with Meriwether Lewis. The Yale Collection contains over sixty of Clark's field maps and notes.

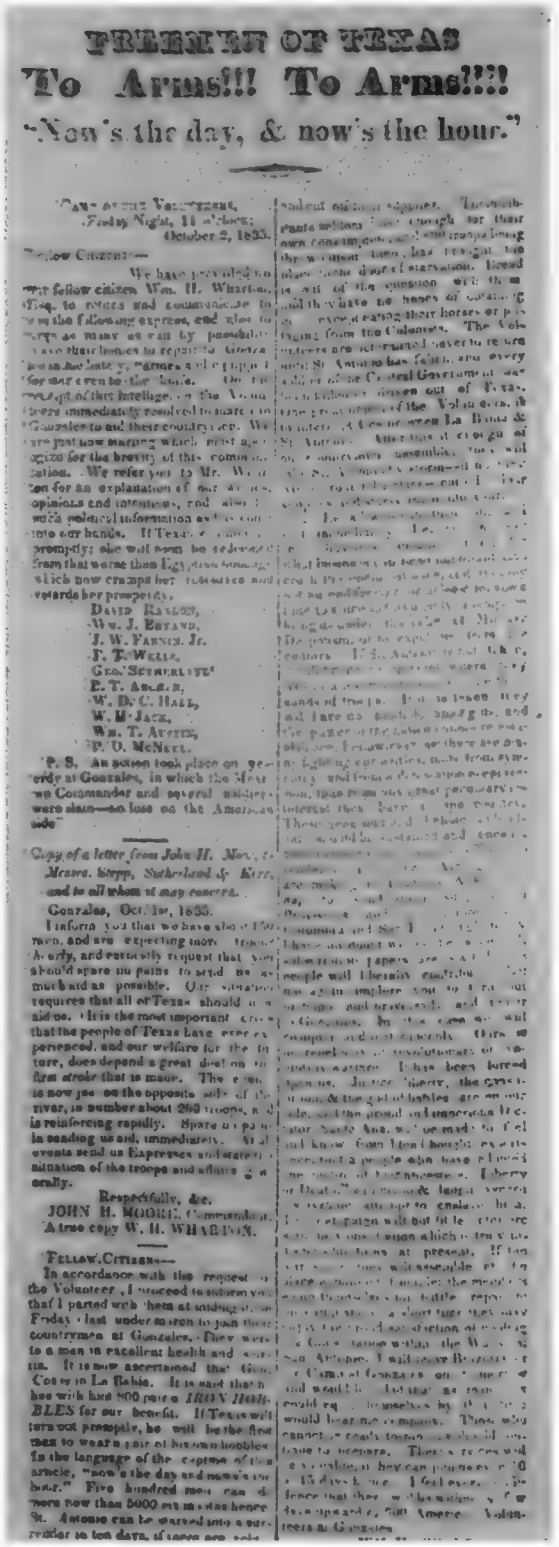
present William R. Coe professor is Howard R. Lamar, a distinguished historian of the West and this year's president of the Western History Association.

Coe's special interests were the Louisiana Purchase area, the Pacific Northwest, and the Canadian Northwest. Added strength in one of these fields came with the bequest to Yale of the Winlock W. Miller, Jr., Collection in 1949. Grandson of a Washington territory pioneer of the 1850s, Winlock Miller had an abiding interest in the history of his native state and region. His death, while he was still in his early forties, cut short a promising career as a collector, but even in the brief time allotted him he gathered a noteworthy collection of books and manuscripts.

Almost in the same year, Yale was given the Walter McClintock Indian Collection. A friend of the Blackfeet, McClintock had been adopted into the tribe and allowed to make a detailed photographic record of tribal life, including the Sun Dance ceremony. At the time of his bequest to Yale, the collection consisted primarily of his photographs and notes, but with it came funds to buy books and other materials relating to



William B. Travis, leader of the Texas forces at the Alamo, appealed to Judge Andrew Panton and the citizens of Gonzales for reinforcements on the first day of the battle. The garrison fought against great odds and held out for thirteen days until the last man was killed.



FREEMEN OF TEXAS

To Arms!!! To Arms!!!!

"Now's the day, & now's the hour."

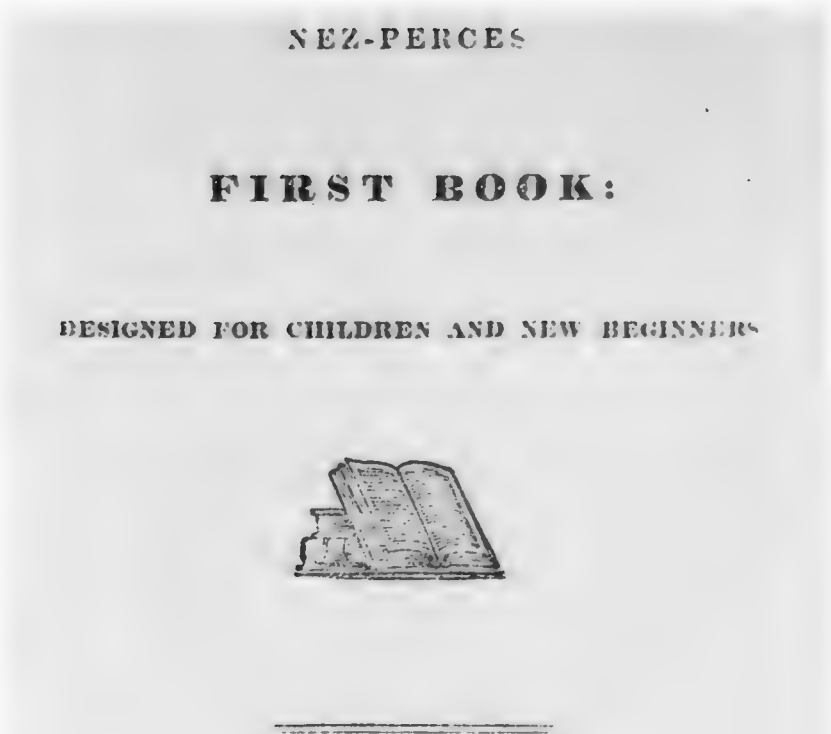
The first printed notice (1835) of the skirmish between the Texans and Mexicans called for volunteers to redeem Texas "from that worse than Egyptian bondage which now cramps her resources." The H. R. Wagner Texas Collection includes one of the two known copies of this document.

American Indians. In the course of twenty-five years, the collection has reached substantial proportions.

Henry Wagner did not produce a bibliography of Texas based on his own collection, as he did in such fields as the Spanish Southwest and the Plains and Rockies; he did, however, encourage Thomas W. Streeter to undertake such a work. It was typical of Streeter that, in the nearly thirty years he was engaged in compiling his monumental *Bibliography of Texas, 1795–1845*, he succeeded in acquiring a larger proportion of the sixteen hundred odd items represented than was held in any of the institutional libraries whose collections he surveyed. When the work was finally published in five volumes beginning in 1954, Streeter was willing to part with his Texas Collection to return to other fields of collecting. A group of anonymous donors purchased the Streeter Texas Collection and presented it to Yale in 1956.

Most recent of the great western material to be acquired by Yale is the Frederick W. Beinecke Collection. Beinecke became a collector late in life; he was in his sixties when he embarked seriously on this new career. For years he had

The only known copy of one of the first literary chronicles in Washington Territory belongs to the W. W. Miller Collection.



NEZ-PERCES

FIRST BOOK:

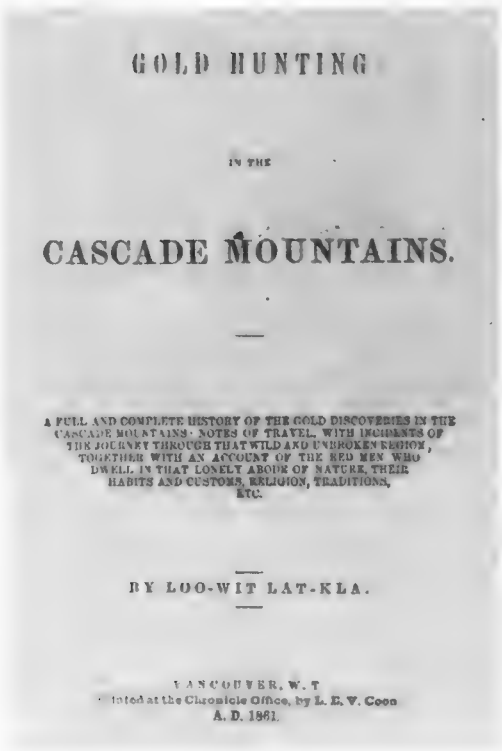
DESIGNED FOR CHILDREN AND NEW BEGINNERS

CLEAR WATER:

MISSION PRESS.

1839.

H. H. Spalding's "Nez-Perces First Book" (1839) was the initial publication of the first press in the Pacific Northwest, located at Lapwai Mission near Lewiston, Idaho (from the Coe Collection).



GOLD HUNTING

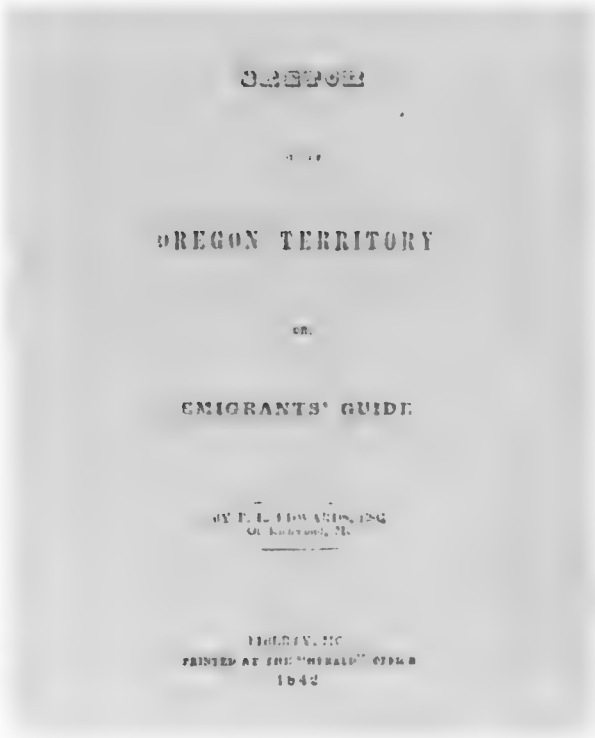
IN THE

CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS: NOTES OF TRAVEL, WITH INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY THROUGH THAT WILD AND UNBROKEN REGION; TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE RED MEN WHO DWELL IN THAT LONELY ABODE OF NATURE, THEIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS, RELIGION, TRADITIONS, ETC.

BY LOO-WIT LAT-KLA.

VANCOUVER, W. T.
Printed at the Chronicle Office, by L. E. V. Coon
A. D. 1861.



OREGON TERRITORY

OR,

EMIGRANTS' GUIDE

1842

The first overland guide was authored by Philip Leget Edwards, who traveled overland with the second Wyeth expedition in 1834.

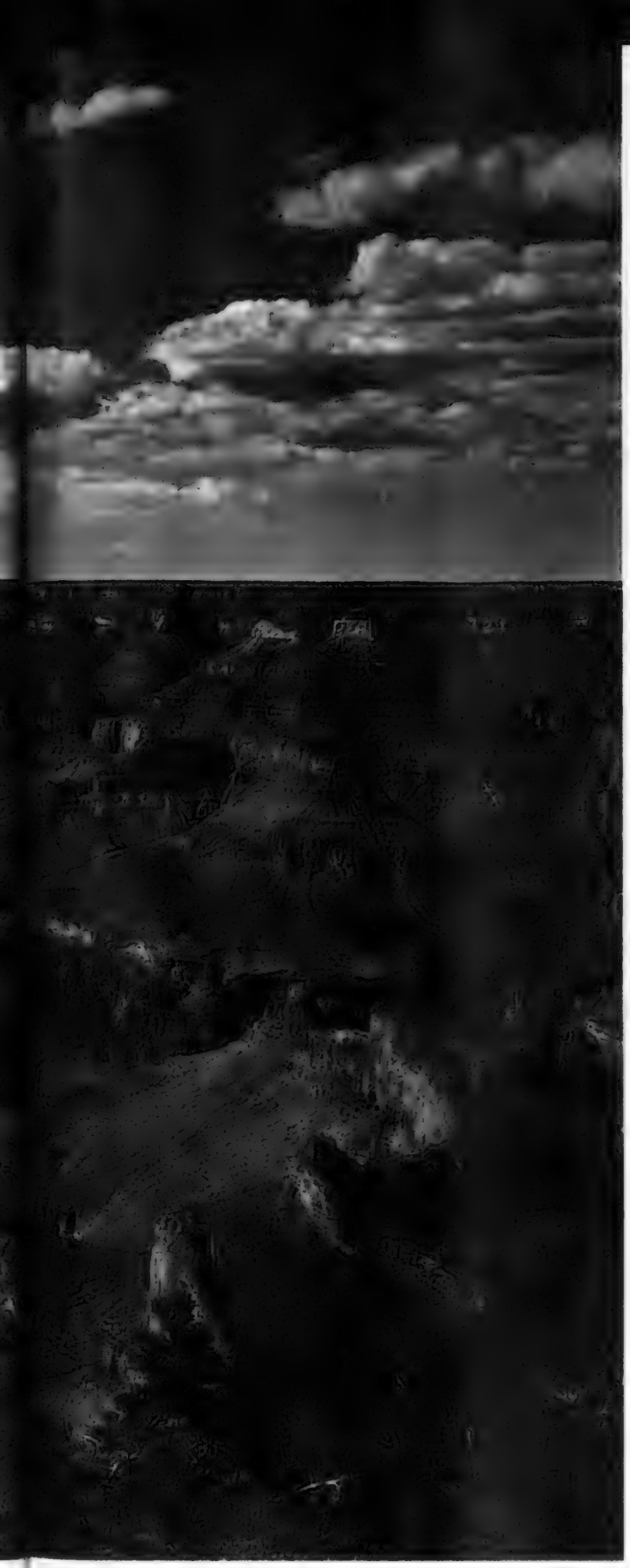
bought and read books about the West, but in the seventeen years between 1954 and his death in 1971 he devoted much of his time and energy to this new pursuit. His interests were wide ranging, but the major focus was on the early Southwest and California. On the Mexican War alone, his collection includes several thousand books, pamphlets, broadsides, and manuscripts, as well as contemporary prints and sheet music.

Although, sadly, all six of these contributors are now dead, their collections are still very much alive. Each has at least a modest endowment, the income from which is used for additions to the collection. If they are not increasing at the same rate as when their founders dominated the rare-book market, they are at least still growing.

The accompanying illustrations show only a handful of the more typical or outstanding items in the Yale collections, but may give some idea of the range of the whole.

Archibald Hanna *is curator of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.*

Colorful and impressive as it is, the Grand Canyon has more to offer than being a photographer's delight. Much of our planet's history is told by the rocks, fossils, and stratification of the great gorge.



GENE AHRENS

The Many Faces of Desert

Dramatic Landscapes in the Great Southwest

By Elna Bakker

WITHIN THE CONFINES of the vast North American continent lies a great conglomerate of mighty mountains, broad, meandering rivers, dramatic gorges, rich, golden plains, and diverse desert land. Of all the physical features found in North America, the desert is perhaps the most underrated, the least understood, and, in a multitude of ways, the most beautiful of our land forms.

Many undernourished regions exist throughout the West, from Oregon to the depths of Mexico, from mid-Texas to the borders of the Pacific Ocean. But it is the Southwest in which the desert landscape is the most dominant. Though there are forested slopes and green mountain meadows, they are but islands in a vast sea of desert.

Nowhere is the story of the evolution of life and its various habitats more dramatically revealed than in the Grand Canyon, where one foot can rest on sand left by yesterday's high water, the other on rocks of the era before the beginning of life.

One of the famed features of the Grand Canyon is the record of the earth's history it exposes to view. The Colorado River and its tributaries are like knives cutting deep slices from a wondrous geologic layercake. The base upon which the strata were deposited is deep in the canyon's Granite Gorge, through which the river runs today. Hiking or riding up any of the several trails that begin at river level, one can follow in imagination the change from lowly, one-celled forms of life such as bacteria to man with his unique capabilities.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is adapted from The Great Southwest, *by Elna Bakker and Richard Lillard, to be published this fall by American West Publishing Company.*

Yucca at sunset in southern Arizona. GERHARD BAKKER

Physiographers divide the Southwest into provinces, across which extends a wide swath of desert "heartland"—the epicenter of the great climatic changes and attendant geological forces that have created it. The heartland encompasses several adjacent deserts: the Mojave, the Sonoran—including the Western Sonoran, Eastern Sonoran, and Arizona Upland—and the Chihuahuan. Beyond the heartland lie the Great Basin and the Gulf and Interior subdivisions of the Sonoran Desert in Mexico, and the Navajoan Desert.

For the most part, definite topographical boundaries can be described for each desert or subdivision. The *Western Sonoran* is fenced on the west by the Peninsular Range, a spinal column turning south around Mount San Jacinto. It is lavish with yellow pines, black oaks and odd types of cypress in the back country of San Diego, and becomes the San Pedro Mártir Range in northern Baja California. The mountains that connect this geographic backbone to the Coast Ranges are the Transverse Ranges, one of the few east-west trending mountain complexes on the continent.

East of the Colorado River the desert is known as the *Eastern Sonoran*. The river is not the reason these two Sonoran deserts are different, but merely a convenient landmark at about the spot where the differences become visible. Soil, relief features, rainfall seasonality, and average rainfall are primarily responsible for these variations.

After one crosses the Colorado at Yuma or Blythe, there is at once a pronounced change in scenery: the sudden and dramatic appearance of saguaro cactus, a large, multibranched form of one of the Western Hemisphere's most interesting floral families. As the saguaros become larger and more con-

The desert West offers a generous variety of homesites for living things: sand dunes for dune dwellers; rocky cliffs for those adapted to live on them; oases and streamcourses for species that need abundant water; cold winters for those that prefer chill; heat aplenty for those that do not.

While species have proliferated, very few biological types have developed in these deserts at what biologists call the family or even the genus level. There has not yet been time; by evolutionary reckoning, these are young landscapes. But evolution goes on. Given another several million years and freedom from man's interference, the deserts will develop a whole new assortment of organisms.

Thus the desert has evolved a diversity of life forms to match the diversity of land forms and climatic features bestowed by the earth itself. Nowhere else on the continent can one find such extremes of biting cold and dizzying heat, flash floods and merciless drought, icicles dripping into hot springs, lush forests of yellow pine looking down on cactus-dotted plains, aspens and cottonwoods tossing their golden doubloons of autumn into streams that will eventually flush them out onto a burning desert floor.

centrated, other forms of vegetation begin to appear, including many small trees—palo verde, ironwood, desert willow, mesquite, catclaw, and others.

Across both the Eastern and Western Sonoran, roughly sculptured ranges and peaks rise from the desert floor, landmarks since man began using the desert as a crossroads. Two peaks, both called Picacho, guard routes in central Arizona and southeastern California. Other important recognition ranges are the Superstition Mountains, east of Phoenix; the Chuckawalla, to the south on the main road to Blythe; the Kofa, with its solitary palm oasis; and the Harquahala, whose Eagle Eye, a natural hole in the crest, has been a favorite landmark since traffic has become heavy between Phoenix and Los Angeles.

To those familiar with the often monotonous landscapes of the Eastern and Western Sonoran deserts, the *Arizona Upland* is refreshing. Here, for example, is famed Sabino Canyon, gouged into the side of one of the many highland islands that vary the scenery of southern Arizona. The meandering road, narrow in places where it fords the stream, carries pockets of saguaro cacti, palo verde trees, and other desert species up into the sides of washes, where they mingle with cottonwoods and other riparian trees. Pools mirror both the austere charm of giant cacti and the lush, inviting shadows of box elder and willow. Cave Creek; the San Pedro River; Madera Canyon; Sonoita Creek, home of many tropical bird species; Aravaipa Canyon, a new sanctuary of the Nature Conservancy—all reflect the profligacy of the desert when fed with water, permanent, dependable water. In this more generous upland country, summer rains and catchment areas enrich the desert scene to the point where some of it can no longer be classified as true desert.

Raccoon. LEONARD LEE RUE III

Arizona "poppy." GERHARD BAKKER

Cactus wren. GERHARD BAKKER

Desert lily. GERHARD BAKKER

The thin, irregular tinkling of the lead sheep's bell drifted up the coral-hued walls of the narrow canyon. At times it was caught and scattered by the gusty winds of the great tableland. Now one could hear the high-pitched bleats of the lambs and the gruff rumbles of the older males.

Soon they came into sight. The aged ewe with the bell picked her surefooted way up the last steep slope, treacherous with loose chunks of vermilion rock. The flock followed, nibbling here and there on the few stunted, unmercifully cropped shrubs. Their matted coats, once white, had been tinted by the richly colored sand and soil of their grazing grounds.

Just then their herder appeared—a young Navajo girl not more than ten years old. She was shy and would not respond to a friendly wave or smile. With short commands, half Navajo, half spurts of sound used wherever animals are driven by people, she maneuvered the flock into a simple corral of juniper bushes thrust into the rust-colored sand.

Behind her family's encampment blood-red, straight-sided mesas and canyon walls were picking up burgundy shadows. Juniper smoke from the hogan sweetened and spiced the wind, now slowly dropping with the sun. Soon clean-cut shadows disappeared. The blue haze of dusk softened the huge, angular distances, gradually dimming mesa and butte, arch and cliff, those almost unbelievable remnants of an ancient past. Monument Valley was slowly falling asleep.

Some miles away the Mittens, like giant upthrust hands, stood stark against the strengthening starlight. A murmur of Navajo, consonant clipped and vowel expanded, slowed and stopped. No gleam or glow shone in any direction until the horizon met the stars. Thus came the silence, the vast and heavy silence of a land without light.

Monument Valley is but one of the many impressive landscapes of the Colorado Plateau, home of the Navajos and the Navajoan Desert. Though peripheral to the warmer and arid lands of the North American continent, the plateau's awesome scenery has become symbolic of the desert West. Its counterparts are few—the Sinai Peninsula, similar shreds of eroded rock in the central Sahara, Ayres and a few sister rocks in the Australian Desert—and none really matches this fantastic combination of mile-deep, terraced, and dissected canyons of apricot, sherry gold, and red; soaring leaps of naturally eroded stone arches; mesas and peaks dusted with snow; and shafts of Chinese red sandstone pricking the sky.

From Phoenix, the Arizona Upland spreads east and south to include the rough country broken by the gorges and valleys of the Salt, Gila, San Pedro, and Santa Cruz rivers and their many contributing creeks and washes. The elevation of the desert floor varies from about two to four thousand feet, with numerous isolated ranges scattered about. The uplands continue south of the border for some distance.

One of the other two deserts included in the heartland section is the *Mojave*, the smallest and in some ways the least distinctive of all arid landscapes on the continent. It has the typical basin-and-range topography, but it lacks, with two

Monument Valley, a Navajo tribal park, sits astride the Arizona-Utah border.

DAVID MUENCH

The giant cardon cactus is an example of the unusual plants indigenous to Baja California.

GERHARD BAKKER

GERHARD BAKKER

Most of the year the ironwood tree looks like a woody skeleton, but in spring it is covered with pink blossoms. GERHARD BAKKER

exceptions, the spectacular scenery we have come to expect from the desert region as a whole.

The first exception is the magnificent Owens Valley, another graben between two towering ranges: the Sierra Nevada to the west and the Inyo-White complex to the east. On a morning in late May or early June, when large masses of snow, like cake frosting, decorate the creamy granite beneath, and the rising sun strikes the eastern face of the great Sierran scarp, the visitor can see the valley in its full glory. The southern end of Owens Valley is very much a part of the Mojave Desert. Joshua trees, one of the "indicator plants" of this particular slice of the arid Southwest, advance about as far north as Owens Lake. The northern end of the valley, on the other hand, has plants more characteristic of the Great Basin. The floor of the valley is covered with small, sparse scrub of various species, except where interrupted by irrigated fields and streamside growth along what is left of the Owens River and its tributaries.

The Mojave bites into quite a chunk of southern Nevada, crosses the Colorado River north of Needles, and traces a narrow transition zone in northern Arizona between the Arizona Upland and the Colorado Plateau to the north, locale of the Navajoan Desert.

The other desert included in the heartland is the *Chihuahuan*, but only portions of it are in this region. The westernmost extension is a small area around the town of Tombstone in southeastern Arizona. A tongue of this typically Mexican desert thrusts up along the Rio Grande River about as far north as Albuquerque. To the east is the famous valley containing White Sands National Monument, the nearby testing grounds at Alamagordo, and the desiccated plain known as the Jornada del Muerto, whose alkali flats meant death for many early travelers. The welter of basin and range east of the Arizona Upland is the Mexican Highlands portion of the Chihuahuan Desert. Its eastern section of this region, just west of the beginning of the Great Plains, is termed the Sacramento Highlands. They include what the lay visitor might consider bits and pieces of the southern Rocky Mountains, but geologic differences apparently provide sufficient reason to consider them a separate province.

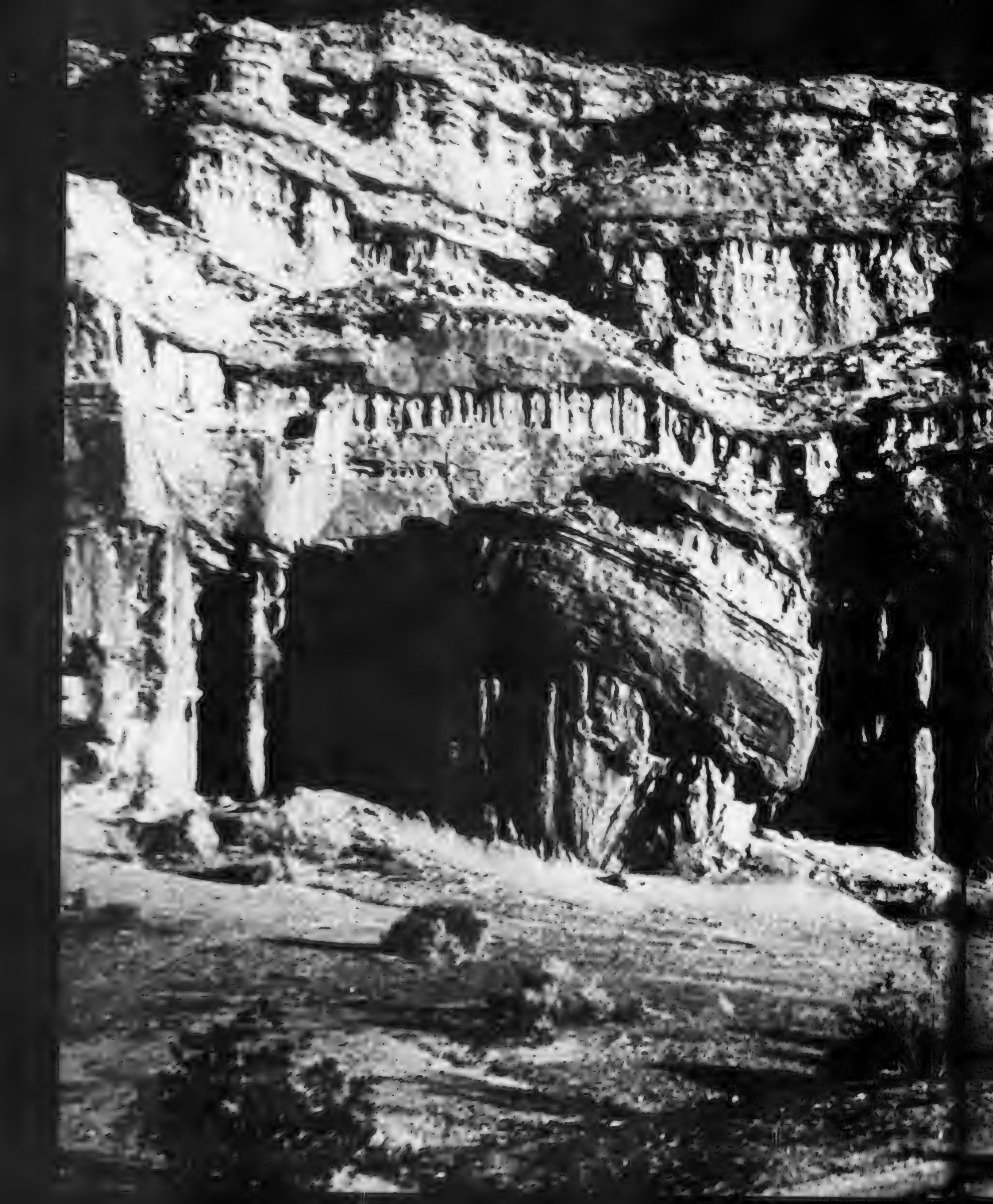
Two other deserts of significance in the Southwest are the

Continued on page 59

Life-sustaining thundershowers are common in many places in the desert.

Overleaf: Red Rock Canyon, in the Mojave Desert, is remarkable for its sharply tilted strata of orange-red and ochre.

GERHARD BAKKER



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Reconnoitering the Barrier

Early Spanish and American Exploration in the Rockies

By Donald G. Pike

THE EARLY EXPLORATION of the Rockies is largely the story of other places and other events. For both the Spanish and the Americans, the mountains were a formidable obstacle, offering little of value, to be avoided if possible. Until the latter half of the nineteenth century, explorations sponsored by either government tended to penetrate the mountains only when they passed through in transit. Always there was another goal in mind—scouting an enemy, determining a boundary, or finding a pass to a greater Eden beyond the mountains—and therefore any information gathered about the mountains was essentially incidental to another objective.

The Spaniards who first moved north out of Mexico were motivated by their own fantasies and drawn by tales of wealth beyond measure—wealth that would bring the power and prestige that meant success in empire-building Spain. They followed rumor onto the arid plains, often further tempted rather than dismayed when their dreams retreated before them like evaporating mirages on the horizon. Strangely, the retreating phantoms of their hopes never seemed to lead Spanish adventurers into the mountains. Coronado, striking north out of Mexico in search of the Seven Cities of Cíbola, extended his search across southern New Mexico and onto the plains of Texas, tantalized by assurances from Indians eager to please (and be rid of him) that his goal lay only a short distance beyond the horizon. Unfortunately for Coronado, the land had more horizons than he had energy, time, and dreams. *Norteamerica* refused to mirror Spanish dreams, and even a shard of another Mexico or Peru eluded the conquerors. But the route of Coronado, together with the routes

The majestic peaks of the Cathedral Group, Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming.

ED COOPER

of other wandering dreamers, leaves the impression that cities of gold and empires of dreams rose mainly where the walking was easy, for the early Spaniards made no serious attempts to breach the sanctity of the mountains.

For much of the eighteenth century, the Spanish avoided the Rockies. From the northern outpost at Santa Fe, expeditions and adventurers went east and west, but no government parties ventured north. Juan de Ulíbarrie, on a punitive expedition to catch runaway Pueblo Indians in 1706, skirted the mountains to the southeast and continued his pursuit on the plains; Governor Valverde of New Mexico, out to reconnoiter French advances toward his province in 1719, similarly shunned the mountains and stayed to the east of the Front Range foothills; Pedro de Villasur, on a similar expedition in 1720, stayed clear of the heart of the mountains and enjoyed comfortable progress on the plains—until some Pawnee caught him on the South Platte and made him eternally comfortable. These forays, and others like them, acquainted the Spanish with the southern and eastern rim of the cordillera, but the interior of the mountains remained a forbidding mystery to Spaniards who sought for over two centuries to hold and expand an empire south of the mountain chain.

But near the end of Spain's suzerainty in North America, the pattern of avoiding the mountains was broken. Between 1761 and 1765 Juan de Rivera, a tough Indian fighter of many years experience on the Spanish frontier, led three expeditions into the San Juan mountains, the Green River country of Utah, and the Wasatch Mountains. He ranged what is now central Colorado from the San Juan River, past the Uncompahgre, to the Gunnison.

Over a decade after Rivera's final expedition the last official Spanish *entrada* into the mountains was mounted—in an effort to find a quick and easy route through the barrier. When the soldier-adventurer Anza established colonists in California at Monterey and San Francisco, Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante was assigned the task of finding a supply route from Santa Fe to the new outposts. Hoping to avoid Moqui Indians, still hostile from Spanish attempts to save their souls, and further discouraged by the harsh desert expanses of the far Southwest, Escalante took his company north and west through the mountains. The course was slow and winding, bent and redirected more by the dictates of the terrain than the desires and objectives of Escalante.

Despite the tediously convoluted course, the mounted party of ten moved through southwest Colorado, heading north until it crossed the Colorado River into wild and completely unfamiliar land. Turning west, the horsemen followed a valley of the Uinta Mountains to the Green River. Although by now Escalante probably realized that the route was not feasible for supply of the California outposts, he nevertheless continued to struggle westward, breaking through a pass in the Wasatch to Utah Lake. By then it was December, supplies were very low, the animals were worn and broken down, and Escalante knew, if they were to survive, they had to start back for Santa Fe immediately to relate their experiences.

The return through the stark and broken land of southern Utah and across the Colorado River was harrowing, but, aided by friendly Hopi Indians, the party finally made its way back to Santa Fe. Although the expedition was technically a failure, Escalante had returned with a map and at least marginal impressions of the interior of the mountain region. Except for a few hardy Taos trappers, the Spanish never returned to the land Escalante had found so uncompromising.

THE PAGEANT of American conquest and occupation in the Rockies and the Far West opened with the expedition of Lewis and Clark. An exciting adventure, laced with honorable men of courageous deeds, the journey was transcontinental in scope, leaving the impression of complete thoroughness; detailed journals survived, documenting every discovery and observation; its enormous success opened the door to a century of expansion and acquisition.

Before Lewis and Clark, contact with the cordillera by men who kept records or reported what they saw was limited. The Rockies had been crossed once by Alexander Mackenzie in 1793, but that had been far to the north. The Spanish, timid in their excursions, had butted against the mountain chain often from the south, but because they usually ended up edging around the fringe, they could shed only scant light on the scope and shape of the interior. The result was a vague notion of a mountain belt lying north and south along the continent. Where it was, how wide it might be, and what it was like were unknown. Imaginary geography of French, Spanish, British, and American origins had accumulated over the years to create a belief in a low, narrow range lying close to the Pacific shore. Popular notion, created more by desire than concrete information, suggested that the Missouri was navigable to within one hundred miles of the Pacific, and that a short portage to the headwaters of the Columbia River was the only obstacle the mountains presented.

Lewis and Clark corrected the illusion, and in the process hinted at the enormous scale and potential of the new domain. Because their path was narrow, their reports on geography and mountain life-forms were limited, but to a nation that knew nothing of the interior of the continent, the information Lewis and Clark gathered seemed a treasure trove of detail.

But probably the greatest value of the exploration was in the excitement it stirred in, and the land it promised to, a country hitherto preoccupied with securing the future and consolidating its gains as a new and weak member of the Atlantic community. The journey, which would provide the buttress for a tenuous claim to the Oregon country, planted small suspicions in the American mind that the continent belonged to those strong enough to take it—suspicions that would germinate for thirty years, almost unnoticed, before

BUTLER INSTITUTE OF ART, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Pioneers heading west along the Oregon Trail were depicted by Albert Bierstadt in this 1865 oil painting.

flowering into the seemingly spontaneous demand for continental solidarity known as Manifest Destiny. But in the interim, the report of the expedition encouraged trappers, traders, hunters, and homeseekers to try their hand in uncharted but hinted-at utopias in the West.

The expedition, commanded by the moody, cerebral Lewis and the practical extrovert Clark, was remarkable for its smooth and efficient progress. Although there were lean times and an abundance of hard drudging work, there were no disastrous Indian raids, no discouraging and aimless wandering, nor any starved and frozen bodies left behind to mark their route; the only death was the result of an untimely ruptured appendix.

The seeming ease with which the two years of wilderness living and travel was accomplished was due not to incredible luck, but rather to thoughtful preparation, careful management, and expert execution. A strong and experienced crew was selected—malingerers, weaklings, and discipline problems were weeded out and sent downriver before the Mandan villages were reached—but the real strength of the expedition lay in its leadership. Between them, Lewis and Clark shared a remarkable collection of talents and skills: Lewis was a consummate scientist and natural historian with a phenomenal ability for attending to and recording detail; Clark was a frontiersman, field engineer, and accomplished boatman—possessed with an intuitive sense of geography that was awesome in its accuracy. Their ability to share leadership, to yield to the other's greater skill or experience, probably contributed more to the success of the exploration than any other single factor.

The party of two officers, fourteen soldiers, seven Kentucky hunters, and Clark's black slave, York, was gone three years on what was primarily a waterborne expedition. The first year was spent laboring up the Missouri, making notes and observations, hunting, and encountering Indians of varying degrees of hostility. Clark's consummate skill at negotiation with the Indians—knowing when to show force and when to conciliate—was largely responsible for keeping them out of serious trouble the first year. They wintered with the Mandans in North Dakota, where they were joined by a French trader, Charbonneau, and his Shoshone wife, Sacajawea who, while helpful, was not the dauntless guide and savior of the expedition that popular mythology would have her be. She was most helpful in the Rockies, where she made already friendly Indians even more cooperative.

The expedition reached the Rockies in the second traveling season, and the encounter marked an abrupt change in the pattern of exploration. The Great Falls of the Missouri forced

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A rare lithograph of John Charles Frémont, "The Great Pathfinder," who made four expeditions into the Rockies and published lavish reports on his explorations.

a portage, and shortly thereafter the party found the Jefferson Fork too shallow for the boats. What had been a boating trip, with notes and observations on the immediate drainage basin, became an overland trek in search of a pass through an inconvenient obstacle. Lewis moved ahead, crossing the Continental Divide at Lemhi Pass, and brought back horses from the Shoshone. It was here that Sacajawea, reunited with her brother and her people, made her most valuable contributions as interpreter and agent of goodwill for the expedition. With a Shoshone guide and Shoshone mounts, the party traveled three hundred miles on horseback through the Rockies, seeking a suitable place to return to the more convenient and familiar mode of river travel.

The mountain hiatus was generally regarded as a distasteful, dangerous, and hungry interlude—to be endured but terminated as soon as possible. Interestingly enough, the only time the party divided was on the return trip when they reached the mountain barrier. In search of a better pass through the mountains, or a navigable river that penetrated deeper into the cordillera, Lewis went due east from the Bitter Root River while Clark started south along the original route and then turned east. Despite bouts with grizzlies, some heavy snows and dense forests, and a one-eyed French hunter who mistook Lewis for a bear and shot him in the leg, the party was reunited on the Missouri—neither group having found what it sought.

The captains had encountered the Rockies and passed through them, interested not so much in what the mountains held, as in how best to get through them to the other side. They didn't see all, or even very much, of the mountain chain —there was neither time nor energy for side trips. The expedition was preoccupied with river travel and finding a passage to the sea, and the mountains loomed most importantly as a barrier. But even though exposure to the Rockies was minimal, the journals bulged with information that would provide the beginnings of a library in Rocky Mountain natural history and ethnology.

As Lewis and Clark were returning to the relative civilization of St. Louis, another government expedition was being launched across the plains to the southern Rockies, under the command of Zebulon M. Pike. Pike was assigned to the expedition by his friend and mentor, Gen. James Wilkinson, that enigmatic and treason-tainted warrior of the southern borderlands. It is fairly certain that Wilkinson was involved with Aaron Burr in some jingoistic venture, but precisely what they were about may never be known; their affairs provide, at best, a speculative paragraph in the history of unsuccessful treason.

On the surface, Pike's exploration was important to the United States. The southwest boundary of the Louisiana Purchase was being contested by Spain; although many Americans contended it was the Red River, the government had no specifics, and they needed to have someone find out. Pike's official instructions warned him to be scrupulous of boundaries, and although he might have received oral instructions to the contrary from Wilkinson, his sojourn into Spanish territory is understandable in light of faulty geography. His map, based on Alexander von Humboldt's, showed the Red River rising east of Taos, but this river was in fact the Canadian. Proceeding on this mistaken assumption, Pike traveled far west of the boundary, even as the United States regarded it.

In 1806, Pike began his journey up the Arkansas, continuing along the river until he arrived at the present site of Pueblo, Colorado. From a camp there, he set out to climb the peak that would ultimately bear his name. The mountain, however, proved to be much farther away than Pike, deceived by the rarefied air, had estimated. On November 27, 1806, Pike, the expedition's physician Dr. Robinson, and two privates stood on Cheyenne Mountain and looked at their goal twelve miles away. Defeated by frigid weather, deep snows, depleted supplies, and exhaustion, Pike made his esti-

mate of the mountain, which ultimately proved to be as inaccurate as his geography: "No human being could have ascended to its pinical [*sic*]."

Pike moved to the mouth of Royal Gorge (Grand Canyon of the Arkansas), detoured north, exploring the South Park region and the upper Arkansas, and then traveled south, in search of the source of the Red River, crossing the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. He erected a small fort on the present southern boundary of Colorado, and it was there that he was captured by the Spanish. He was taken to Santa Fe and finally to Chihuahua where, though honoring the diplomatic conventions of hospitality, restraint, and tact, the Spaniards regarded him as a spy. He was finally deported through Texas, being released at Natchitoches in July 1807.

His report, released in 1810, left many questions unanswered. Due to faulty geography, the extreme boundary of the Louisiana Purchase was still in doubt. Pike created the stuff of which myths are made when he noted that the "vast plains of the Western Hemisphere may become in time celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa. . . ." This last statement, partly the product of Pike's belief that it would be advantageous to limit the spread of the nation to manageable size, was repeated by Maj. Stephen Long in 1820, providing the "factual basis" for the myth of the "Great American Desert."

For twelve years after Pike's inconclusive explorations, the government refrained from any official activity in the Far West. This hiatus was broken with the organization of the Yellowstone Expedition of 1819, an undertaking distinguished by its lack of success. River steamers built by private contractors to carry the combined scientific and military party into the Yellowstone country to overawe the Indians, explore and record scientific data, and possibly to frighten British traders back to their own side of the divide, proved unequal to the task of negotiating the currents of the Missouri. The entire venture finally died before it ever began, largely a victim of incompetence and indifference—but not without a wake on the floor of the Senate and a dirge sounded by an irate public. Interest in the neglected domain was rising, at least temporarily.

Out of the rubble of the Yellowstone venture, as a sop to a nation angry and disgusted with the failure, rose an expedition to the southern Rockies under the command of Stephen H. Long. Long's company was ably equipped with personnel to make scientific observations, classify flora and fauna, and record topographic information. Additionally, there remained the task of finding the headwaters of the Red, and thereby completing the job Pike had begun in 1806.

In June of 1820, the party ascended the Missouri to the Platte, striking west from there for the mountains. They followed the great river of the plains, taking its south fork to the present site of Denver. From there they wended their way south, through small canyons and over minor divides with little difficulty, to Manitou Springs (Colorado Springs), the settlement from which the expedition's physician, Dr. James, and a small party ascended the mountain that would become known as Pikes Peak. The expedition continued southward, collecting specimens, recording data, and plotting landforms and position, until they reached the Arkansas. There Long divided the company, sending Captain Bell with eleven men down the Arkansas toward civilization and leading his own party south in search of the Red. Long repeated Pike's error, mistaking the Canadian for the Red, and exposed himself and his nine men to a purgatory of desert heat, violent storms, and encounters with Comanches, only to find the entire effort futile. The elusive head of the Red River was still unexplored.

Long's report suggested that the "country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains . . . is wholly unfit for cultivation," reinforcing Pike's estimate of a "Great American Desert." Even more important, he regarded this barrier-land as a boon—a protection against invaders and a natural limit for the expansion of the republic. Apparently, he found little in the high country to recommend it to a nation feeling the first stirrings of adolescent strength; he saw no empire in the mountains worth the challenge of the plains.

THE FINAL great government expeditions came in the early 1840s, after most of the geography of the southern Rockies was well known to the fur trappers who called the region home. The man in charge of these explorations, Capt. John Charles Frémont, was intent upon promoting himself and convincing the nation that it should disregard the naysayers, like Pike and Long, and take the continent for its own.

Frémont fancied the accolade "The Great Pathfinder," but he was guided by mountain men (including Kit Carson, "Old Bill" Williams, and Thomas Fitzpatrick); his real contribution was in publicizing the routes. In regard to the mountains, he was neither pathfinder nor explorer, but rather a pass-marker, seeking overland routes through the Rockies. Goaded by ambition, he made four expeditions to and through the mountains, publishing lavish reports on his explorations of existing and potential emigrant trails—and by implication, touting himself as the most important contributor to a continental empire.

Frémont's first expedition, undertaken in 1842, proposed to learn the nature of the "rivers and country between the frontier of Missouri and the base of the Rocky Mountains, and especially to examine the character, and ascertain the latitude and longitude of the South Pass, the great crossing-place of the mountains on the way to Oregon." This information, he hoped, would aid immigration to "the lower Columbia" and thereby secure Oregon against the British. He accomplished his purpose neatly, but the first intimations of the self-serving character, the judgments determined by

Continued on page 60

Ho, for the Klondike!

Charles Edwin Fripp, Special Artist: 1898

By Paul Hogarth

MEN HAD KNOWN that there was gold in the Yukon for years, but the Hudson's Bay Company thought fur much more important. At first, rumors that gold did exist brought a trickle of prospectors; but it was not until 1896—when an Irish-American squaw man, George Washington Carmac, locally known as "Siwash George," panned gold out of a stream afterward known as Bonanza—that the strike was made which brought on the most extraordinary pilgrimage of modern times.

Every prospector in the Yukon and Alaska rushed to stake a claim. Even a detachment of Mounties joined in. By the end of October 1897, every yard along Bonanza Creek and neighboring streams had been staked out. Nevertheless, the gold fever spread. Spurred on by the triumphant return of newly rich prospectors in the treasure ships *Excelsior,* at San Francisco, and *Portland,* at Seattle, in July 1897, tens of thousands of men and women dropped everything and made for the wilds of northwest Canada!

As the dream of enrichment gathered momentum, it became an obsession tinged with fantasy. The more gullible sought gold dust, which they thought lay on the ground; the more practical, however, sought profit by supplying vital articles and services. One way or another, everyone believed it was the chance of a lifetime. By the following spring, it was all over; the outbreak of the Spanish-American War caused the gold rush to collapse as suddenly as it had started.

As in America, the popular press of Europe had a field day reporting the gold fever. The more responsible journals sought to satisfy the insatiable interest of their readers with more authenticated accounts of high adventure. Just as soon as it became practicable to do so, the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* assigned "special artists" to join the stampede and send back firsthand pictorial reports. The older paper sent Julius Price, who started out from London in May and traveled to Dawson via the Dyea Trail, the most commonly used route. The *Graphic,* however, was first off the mark in March, and sent Charles Fripp, who traveled as a member of a package tour organized by the Klondike Mining, Trading and Transport Corporation, a British-Canadian venture, which aimed at providing a service from Victoria to Dawson via the Stikine Trail.

The Englishman's report was not complimentary. He was suspicious of the wildly optimistic statements of officials and individuals alike; most of all, those of the Canadian government itself for stating that arrangements had been completed "to remove the great difficulties which have heretofore stood in the way of travel and transport to the Yukon District." For in reality, thousands had ascended the Stikine to find a trail so difficult that only the most intrepid could negotiate it. As only a gold rush could develop such virgin territory quickly, the Canadian government was naturally not disposed to admit the truth. It was left to Fripp to do so. In eighteen phlegmatic letters, the artist told his readers of the miseries as well as the

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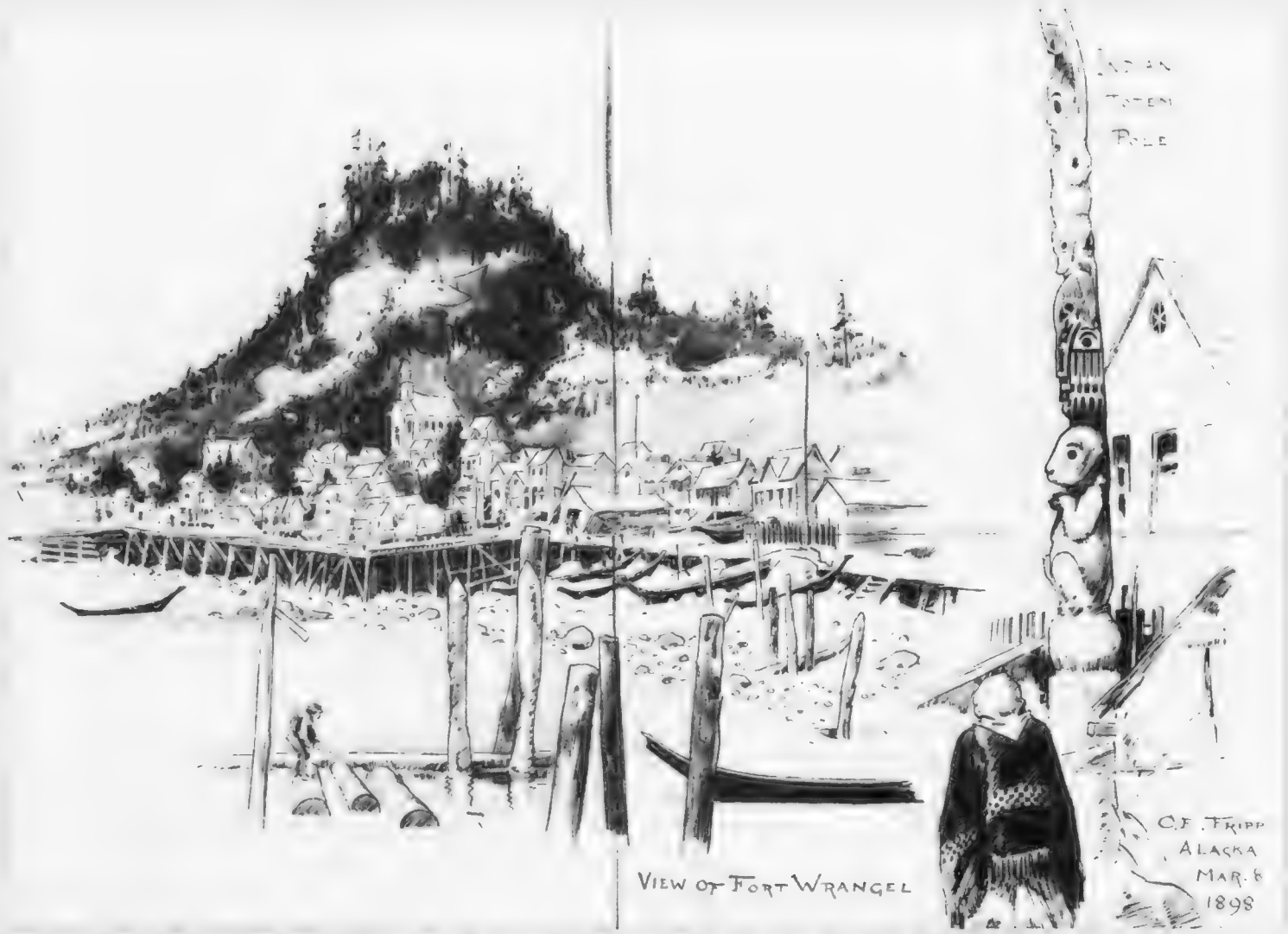
This article is abridged from a chapter of the book Artists on Horseback, *to be issued this fall. Copyright © 1972 by Paul Hogarth. Published by Watson-Guptill Publications, New York, in cooperation with the Riveredge Foundation, Calgary, Canada.*

***"Mounting the Summit of the Divide above Telegraph Creek, Stikine River."** In this pen and ink drawing, Fripp depicts a group of Klondikers climbing above the Stikine Valley in search of gold.*



"View of Fort Wrangell." The Stikine Trail started at Wrangell on the mouth of the Stikine River. The town itself had a lurid history from earlier gold rushes, although Fripp thought it picturesque and still faintly Russian, embellished with totem poles and Indian houses.

"Bloomers for the Klondike." Of this unique trio, Fripp wrote that they were ". . . women clad in costumes of fur-lined duck, rubber boots, and—ahem!—breeches or Knickerbockers of voluminous proportions: not elegant, I fancy, but practical enough for rough camp life."

"A Voyage down the Yukon." Lunch was the focal point of daily life aboard the "Merwin."

hilarious difficulties which led to a fruitless climax of finding fifth-rate diggings, or none at all. Profusely illustrated by fifty part-documentary and part-humorous drawings, these letters enlivened the pages of the *Daily Graphic* between April and December, 1898. A further twenty-two illustrations were published in the weekly *Graphic* between April 1898 and April 1899.

CHARLES EDWIN FRIPP had seen much of the world as "special artist" and war correspondent before he took part in the Trail of '98. Earlier travels, which had taken him throughout Africa and the Far East with various British colonial expeditionary forces, made him a veteran campaigner accustomed to camp life and the handling of guns and animals. He was now forty-four and had held commissioned rank for thirteen years in the Artists Volunteers, a militia regiment commanded by Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy.

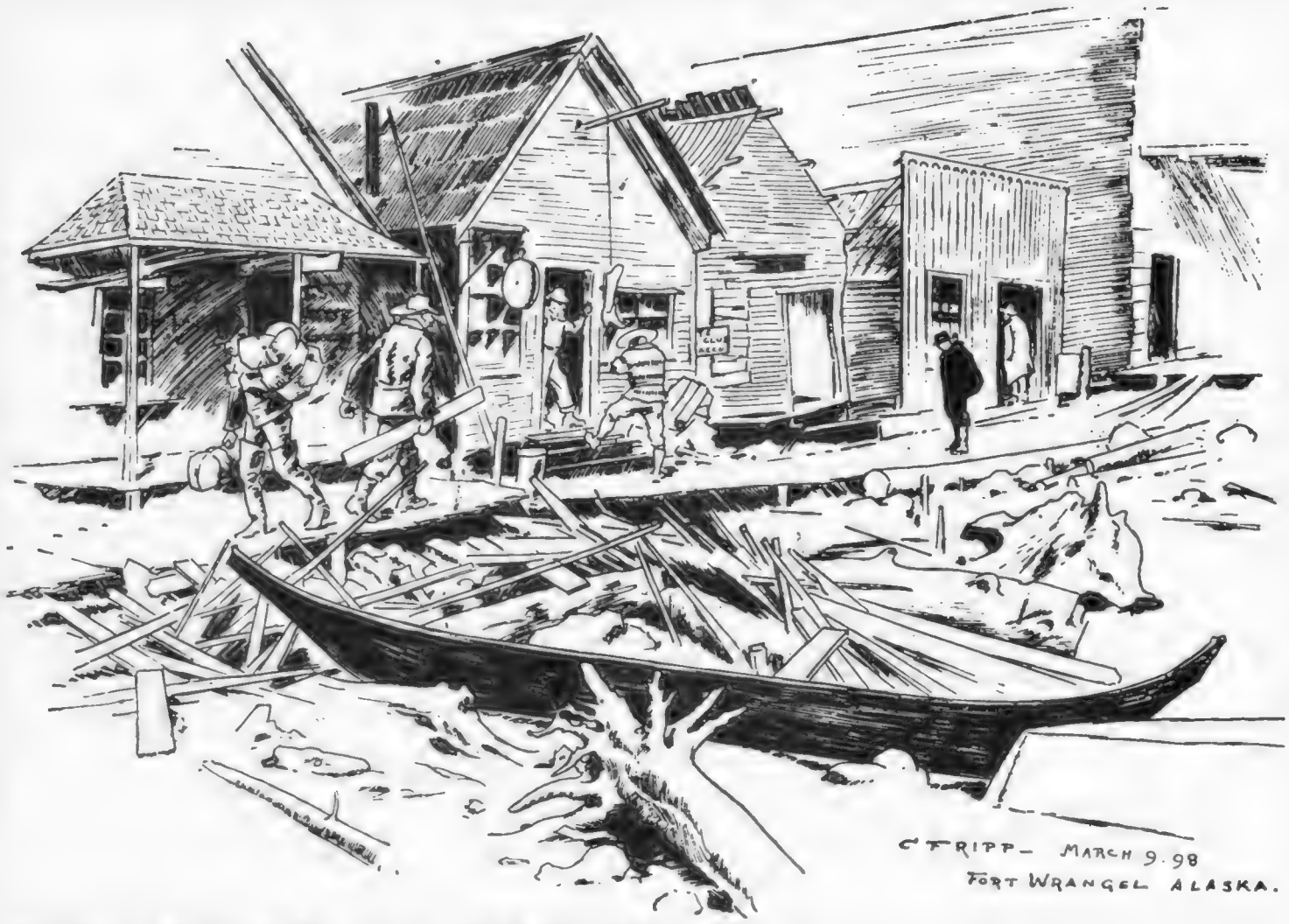
His first visit to the Dominion of Canada was made in the summer of 1888 en route to Japan, and his illustrations and comments on the young nation's changing frontier were among the earliest promotional features sponsored by the London office of the Canadian Pacific. Following his trip, he returned to England and persuaded his young brother Thomas to join him in British Columbia. They left England in 1893 and filed a homestead claim near Hatzic, B.C., where Charles endured the hardships of pioneer life to help the newly married Thomas establish a ranch. Ill health, lack of sufficient capital, and wanderlust prevented Charles from ever having his own place, but he indulged his fondness for the outdoor life and made several hunting and sketching expeditions to the Cascade Mountains and the Fraser Valley. Then, probably sometime during the month of January 1898, William Luson Thomas cabled and asked him to undertake the Klondike assignment.

Fripp sailed for Wrangell on March 3, 1898, aboard the K.M.T. & T. steamer *Amur*. The voyage, which took four days, skirting the rugged coast of British Columbia, caused the artist to reflect on the formidable difficulties of travel in such country. Snow-covered peaks, shimmering inlets, and wreathing vapors were elements of a great and marvelous beauty, but closer acquaintance with the vast fir-clad heights and somber, rockbound shores depressed him, particularly when gray clouds descended to discharge rain and snow upon a lowering wilderness of forest, rock, and water.

On landing at the Alaskan port, Fripp found the city bursting at the seams. Stampeders lounged about the wharves, eating-houses, and liquor shops, clad in every kind of heavy clothing and headgear; time weighed heavily on their hands until the weather would permit them to leave for the Stikine River. Along Front Street, he was startled by the apparition of two women pilgrims clad in fur-lined mackinaw coats, rubber boots, and knickerbockers of voluminous proportions! Not counting a gunfight and falling through a rotten plank on a duck-board footway, no incidents of special note befell the artist in the lurid frontier city. But after a visit to one of Soapy Smith's traps for the unwary, a gambling stew known as "The Club," Fripp concluded that the town was emptying the pockets of those who, "instead of proceeding promptly when a favourable opportunity offers, prefer to hang around the luxuries."

The indomitable artist was seldom short of subject matter. When not rendering the towering mountainscape, he was observing comic and tragic incidents on the trail. The extraordinary variety of sleighs and sleds of the Klondikers intrigued him. They were pulled by men, horses, bullocks, goats, and dogs—and even by women in bloomers. It was his privilege one day to witness a complete novelty: a sleigh drawn by a horse in bloomers! "The poor brute," wrote Fripp, "had hurt itself on the ice, and had been humanely treated to a pair of sacks to shield the injured limbs."

Man's inhumanity to his sometimes delinquent animal friends provided the theme of two further drawings, entitled *How the Friend of Man is Treated on the Stikine River*. Punishment by the savage, thought the artist, was bad enough, although to be just, the discipline given by the Indian to the poor sled dog was largely confined to blows softened with



"Front Street, Wrangell." Business was brisk in Wrangell due to the mass influx of Klondikers who frequented the gambling saloons and liquor shops waiting for colder weather to harden the trail.

"An 'At Home' on the Yukon." En route down the Yukon River, the passengers often diverted themselves by going ashore to look at the Kutchin Indians, whose encampments lay on clearings of the timbered river banks.

"Salvation Army Outpost at Klondike City."
A member is presiding over afternoon tea.

mittens and moccasins. Civilized man, represented by the Klondiker, used nailed boots and heavy sticks applied with a vigor which made it surprising that the animals did not give up the ghost altogether.

But man himself could also earn the artist's sympathy, like the strange old frontiersman he had glimpsed holding a light branch with a line frozen as thick as the stick itself above a hole in the ice. The bait used was a stream of tobacco juice squirted, with a facility peculiar to adept Americans, at long range to attract the fish. The artist concluded that the Waltonian enthusiast sought consolation in misery, as some seek greatness.

Others, however, had misery thrust upon them, like the man who was seen one evening on the trail, crouching among the dung and litter with two horses in a hollow shoveled out of the snowbank, trying to warm himself with a bull's-eye lantern under two wet blankets. "The poor fellow's sleigh," Fripp wrote, "had been in the water, and he was too dead tired to make a fire. But our cook Bill, a good-natured fellow, taking no notice of his sourness, prevailed upon him to accept assistance and returned him to some better view of life in this world."

Some days later, the party reached Glenora, at the head of the Stikine. The old Hudson's Bay trading post had slumbered since the Stikine gold rush of 1862. Now it swarmed with stampeders. On March 31, Fripp and his companions finally arrived at their objective, Telegraph Creek, only to discover that the worst was yet to come!

Fripp now publicly condemned the route as "a dismal failure," quoting relevant passages from the *Klondike Guide* and matching them with the stark realities. At this stage of the journey, a wagon road was supposed to lead from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake, one hundred and fifty miles distant. But Fripp and his companions found only a narrow trail leading up to a ravine so narrow that ordinary horse sleighs had to be cut down in width, and so steep that only small loads could be taken. "It was," he wrote, "a mere track in the snow—not for 150 miles but for 180 miles. . . ."

AT LONG LAST, shortly before noon on July 3, three months to a day since they had left Victoria, Fripp and his comrades swept around the rocky bluff and saw before them the city that had been so much a part of their thoughts. Beyond a broad spit where the waters of the Klondike rushed into the Yukon rose a mountain. At its feet law Dawson, a fantasmagoria of tents, shacks, and false-fronted buildings, fringed by a huge armada of boats clustered along the waterfront.

Several days in the city of gold provided Fripp with food for further thoughts on the gold rush as well as subjects for his facile pen. It did not take him long to realize that the stampeders of '98 had lost the race by a very large margin. The best ground had long since been pegged out, as one sourdough put it, "up to the tops of the hills!" He disputed too, the richness of the claims; the general verdict of the miners he talked to was that gold had been found in rich streaks but only in a few places in proportion to the area worked. He quoted the opinion of a group of Australian miners whose experience of gold mining was not limited to North America, who ranked the Klondike as "fifth-rate diggings."

Nevertheless, there were those for whom the pay dirt was rich. Seldom, however, was their hard-won good fortune applied to any purpose more elevating than impressing their comrades with tall tales of the trail and offering unlimited hospitality. Round after round of whiskey was bought for friend and foe alike, until a poke of gold was gone! The process would repeat itself a few days later.

Added to the activities of the saloonkeepers and the gamblers were those of the dance-hall hostesses and the gaudy females of Paradise Alley. After all the hardships the stampeders had gone through, the Englishman was bewildered by such prodigality. He seemed not to realize that for many, the Klondike was a leave of absence from the isolation of prairie life, or from the prisonlike conditions of an office or factory; it was an escape from every kind of failure to adjust to an increasingly mechanical age; an escape to the freedom of the wild and woolly frontier adventure that everyone had long been waiting for.

"Cottonwood Island, Alaska." Fripp and his companions traveled on the steamer "Louise" to Cottonwood Island, six miles from Wrangell on the Stikine River. Here they sorted out their belongings and waited for the first opportunity to start up the frozen river.

"The Modern Pilgrim's Progress: Down the Yukon to Dawson City." Part of the gold-rush boom, the once silent and empty Yukon River now was the mainstream of the stampede, with boats of every size and shape—junks, skiffs, canoes, tiny coffin-shaped boxes—floating lazily downstream.

"Disappointed Diggers Hailing the Steamboat 'Merwin'."

Not knowing the frontier towns of the United States, Fripp did not have much of a yardstick by which to measure Dawson. Thanks to the Mounties, it was probably the most law-abiding of them all. Nevertheless, it depressed him to see men drinking away their hard-earned gold dust instead of using it to "better themselves," not to mention the bad example this behavior set to the many unhappy heathens who were still groping in darkness.

Actual physical darkness, on the other hand, was unknown in Dawson. With daylight prolonged through all twenty-four hours, Fripp found sleep impossible. No sooner had he retired just before midnight on July 3, when he was rudely awakened by a pistol shot, followed by others in rapid succession. "Goodness!" he exclaimed in his diary, "here's a mining row, that'll be something for the *Daily Graphic!*" Then from Dawson and Klondike City came a general crackle of firearms, increasing in intensity, "like the commencement of infantry manoeuvres at Aldershot." It then dawned on him that it must be the Fourth of July and that almost everyone must be a Yankee! He was not to know until later than Dominion Day was being celebrated too, the Mounties having tactfully decreed that both be celebrated on the same day.

The longer Fripp remained in Dawson, the more he seemed to regret that for him the adventure was over. He lamented the disappearance of the snow and ice which added dignity to mountains and lent piquancy and enchantment to the dark forests. There were also the sleighs, the dog teams, and the winter attire of the men, which constantly delighted his sense of the picturesque. But now, with the advent of summer, he thought that the white pioneers of the Yukon offered no comparable artistic delicacies to charm the eye.

He compared the winter clothing of the stampeders to that of the butterfly in summer. "One should," he concluded, "be able to realise that spring and summer, which transforms the sombre garb as it discards the wrappings into a gorgeous butterfly, has in these regions a contrary effect upon man, who on shedding his picturesque winter clothing exposes only the grub, the 'gold grub' in all the prosaic ungainliness of late nineteenth century attire."

BACK IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD, the Klondike story began to recede rapidly in importance. After Dewey's crushing victory over the Spanish fleet at Manila and the sensational defeats of the British army in South Africa, editors called home their reporters and sent them to Cuba, the Philippines, and South Africa. Fripp quickly made preparations to leave. He booked passage on the steamboat *W. K. Merwin*, which took him up the Yukon to St. Michael. At the tiny Alaskan port on the Bering Sea, he changed to the *Humboldt*, which returned him to Victoria and his home, then at Mission City near Vancouver.

The West Fripp loved had little in common with an age that had devoted itself to the art of making money. Again, it was the unspoiled wilderness, with its roaming bands of Indian trappers and fishermen (overlooking that they, too, had been corrupted by the gold rush) that fascinated him. "The flow of gold-mad adventurers to the Yukon would," Fripp thought, "soon dwindle. Then there would be little to disturb the rugged raven whose coarse cry mingles in weird harmony with the wind sighing among the yellow and purple flowers covering the thick soft moss below; and the grey clouds and mists wreathing across the snow-patched mountain and dulling the sheen of the inland waters, will no longer look down upon the feverish activities of the restless gold-greedy white man."

And dwindle they did. The bubble burst. Most sold their claims to companies which sent up dredges and introduced less haphazard techniques of gold recovery. But other sources of wealth lay beneath the surface, and those unable to establish claims on the Klondike spread over the vast territory of Alaska and the Yukon. Many would turn to other occupations. Thus, stampeders and their descendants became the principal factor in the settlement and development of the last great frontier.

Paul Hogarth, *a visiting tutor at the Royal College of Art, London, is one of Great Britain's most noted illustrators. He has published several books of drawings, including the recent* Artist as Reporter. *His work reflects his continuing interest in artistic social commentary.*

Pyramid Lake, the ancient home of the Paiute Indians, with the Virginia Mountains in the background.

COLLECTION OF PHILIP S. COWGILL, RENO

VICTIMS OF JUSTICE Tragedy

By Ferol Egan

The discovery of the Comstock Lode in 1859 was one of several events contributing to war between the Indians of the Great Basin and white settlers. Even before this silver strike, friendly relations between the races had deteriorated as white and Indian militants committed acts of violence. Lone Indians and whites were often killed by hostiles from both sides, and outrages that fell short of murder grew in intensity.

Every day Paiutes and Washos saw more whites, and every day they became more dismayed at the violation of their land. Piñon pines were cut for firewood and mine timbers; grass, so important to a livelihood based on gathering and hunting, was being destroyed by herds of cattle and horses brought in by whites; great quantities of fish and game were being taken

The Ormsby House, in which Chief Winnemucca's daughters were living when the tragedy occurred.

ALL FOLLOWING PICTURES: NEVADA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Street scene in Carson City, western Utah Territory, in the 1860s.

at Carson City

to supply the growing mining camps, and Indians were being pushed to the brink of starvation. Added to all this, the fall of 1859 was one of the coldest in the memory of even the oldest Paiute or Washo. Little was needed to turn existing conditions into a bloody war between the Pyramid Lake Paiutes and the citizens of western Utah Territory. One of the final tragedies on the road to war took place in the frontier town of Carson City—a tragedy that epitomized the brutal nature of frontier justice.

IN THE LATE FALL, the weather turned much colder than any of the whites had previously experienced in the sagebrush country they were beginning to call Washoe. There were snow flurries, icy mornings, rock-hard, frosted ground, and a chilling wind that swept down from the Sierra Nevada peaks and made a man's lungs burn and ache. But trouble was not limited to weather. Word came that two miners—McMullen and MacWilliams—had been murdered while on their way to California for supplies. Worst of all, the men who found the bodies reported that the murders had been committed by Indians. "We know," they said, "because it was done with arrows."

Thirty volunteers rode into the mountains for the bodies and found them in what was obviously their first overnight camp beside the steep, switchback trail. The dead men were not scalped or mutilated, but their wounds still contained the fatal arrows, which the volunteers brought back along with the remains. There didn't seem to be much doubt; McMullen and MacWilliams had been ambushed by Indians, all right. But the money both men had been carrying for supplies was not with their bodies. Why would Indians have taken the money? This was a nagging question. It would have made sense for the clothing and supplies to have been stolen, but money was one thing the Indians had not yet learned to use, and only the money was missing from the last camp of McMullen and MacWilliams.

The very idea of Indian trouble always put the sparse populations of the new towns on edge. Logically, the current problem should have been handled by Indian Agent Maj. Frederick Dodge and his friend and frequent interpreter, Warren Wasson. But Maj. William Ormsby, proprietor of Ormsby House and self-appointed leader of the new settlement of Carson City, was too excited to wait for Major Dodge to be notified of the mountain murders. Possibly because Chief Winnemucca's daughters were living in his home, he considered it his responsibility to settle the affair. Whatever his reasoning might have been, Major Ormsby took it upon himself to send word of what had happened to Chief Winnemucca and request his assistance in finding the guilty parties.

Two days after Ormsby's message reached Chief Winnemucca at Pyramid Lake, the citizens of Carson City were startled by the unexpected appearance of one hundred mounted Paiute warriors and their two leaders: Chief Natchez, Sarah Winnemucca's brother, and her cousin, War Chief Numaga.

Wearing rabbit-skin robes as protection against the cold, the warriors must have looked like a cross between man and

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EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is adapted from Sand in a Whirlwind: The Paiute Indian War of 1860 *by Ferol Egan, a forthcoming book to be published this fall by Doubleday and Co., New York.* *Copyright © 1972 by Ferol Egan.*

Maj. William M. Ormsby, owner of the Ormsby House and ill-fated leader of the Carson City Rangers.

Captain Jim of the Washos, pictured here as an old man, defended his men accused of the heinous crime.

bear. They entered Carson City from the northeast and rode down Carson Street. As they passed the little cluster of hotels, boardinghouses, saloons, and stores, no doubt they were watched by apprehensive whites: men who stared at long hair swinging back and forth across fur-covered backs, men whose sweaty hands made sure that pistols and rifles were ready—just in case.

But most of all, they fixed their gaze on the Paiute who sat tall and bolt upright on his pony—Chief Numaga. Here was no ordinary man. At least six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a thick chest, he made an imposing figure: his dark eyes scanning both sides of the street, and his wide forehead and high, straight nose gave him the look of an eagle. To the whites who watched, he was a man to be reckoned with.

When the warriors reached Ormsby House, the major, his wife, and Winnemucca's daughters were waiting outside to greet them. And while Ormsby did not know the Paiute language, he was able to communicate with the Indians in his own tongue because Sarah had more than an elementary grasp of English, and Chief Numaga had learned to speak it fairly well during the seasons he had worked as a field hand for the mission fathers in California's Santa Clara Valley.

In his blunt, excited way, Major Ormsby, either rejecting formality or ignorant of the proper form for beginning such a discussion, failed to ask Numaga and Natchez to join him in the customary smoking ceremony that gave each man time to look into the other's face and see his heart. Nor did Ormsby inquire as to the health of ancient Chief Truckee or even Chief Winnemucca. He did not speak of the unusually cold weather nor of the hardships the early winter had brought. Nervously, the tall white man, whose chin was covered with a brushline of black whiskers, handed the fatal arrows to Chief Numaga and abruptly asked whether he could name the tribe that had made them.

Chief Numaga knew at a glance and told Ormsby the arrows had been made by Washos. While the Indian must have been wondering why it was so important for the white man to know about the makers of arrows, Ormsby jumped directly to the point. As Sarah Winnemucca later reported,* the major looked at Natchez and Numaga, and said:

"Will you help us to get the Washo chief to come in and give up the men who killed the two white men?"

It is a wonder that Numaga and Natchez were not grossly insulted by Major Ormsby's request. If he had known anything at all about the Paiutes and Washos, the white leader

*This and following quotations are taken from Sarah Winnemucca (Hopkins), *Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*, edited by Mrs. Horace Mann (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1883).

Chief Numaga, leader of the Pyramid Lake Paiutes and cousin of Sarah Winnemucca.

would have realized that peace existed between the two peoples only because the harsh land of the Great Basin discouraged the luxury of constant warfare. Yet, the wish for peace was so much a part of their culture that Numaga and Natchez overlooked Ormsby's behavior and gave polite and serious consideration to his outrageous request. The chiefs talked over what he had asked of them, and finally, much to Ormsby's relief, Chief Numaga said that they would do what they could to help find the killers of the two white men.

Chief Numaga then carefully selected five of his best warriors, men who were not apt to let emotions dictate their moves, and told them they were to ride to the camp of Captain Jim of the Washos. Numaga made it clear that their task was extremely delicate, and that they were not to become involved in a fight. The orders were specific: they were to inform Captain Jim of the killings, ask him to give up the guilty men, and bring them to Carson City where they would be treated fairly and judged the same as any white man.

After the five warriors had left on their mission, the rest of the Paiutes made camp for the night. They picketed their ponies in the fields, made fire pits for the night, and unpacked supplies. The evening was a strange one in that frontier community. A large bonfire was built in the plaza, and townsfolk and Paiutes mingled together. While the whites stood and watched, the Indians performed a war dance—or so young Sarah Winnemucca called it—that was as exciting for the girls as it was for the townspeople, for, as Sarah wrote, it was "the first one I had ever seen."

Shuffling, then raising their knees high and coming down with a thump on the earth, the dancers pounded out the rhythm with their feet. The glow of the bonfire outlined the moving figures, framed them between red-orange flames and the dark blue of the cold night sky. And they chanted: "Hey yah, hey yah, hey yah." Their heads moved up and down, back and forth, and their bodies swayed to the beat and tempo of their own movements.

The silent audience watched almost nervously at the beginning, but as the dance gained momentum and the shadows of the moving men took on a mystic aspect, the warriors no longer were Paiutes who had ridden their ponies down Carson Street and camped for the night. Their identity had become lost in sounds and movements as old as mankind, painted faces hiding reality for the moment. All of man's past was embodied in a ritual dance around a fire that kept back the demons of night; here were the regalia for remembrance of things past and for things unknown. Round and round the fire the participants in this ancient rite danced and danced, chanted and chanted.

Thoroughly caught up by the moving bodies, the pulsebeat sound, and the mystery of the unknown and the unfathomed, Major Ormsby's wife was fascinated. This proper woman, whom the major alone called Lizzie, nudged Sarah Winnemucca; the chief's daughter saw wild curiosity in her eyes and heard her ask: "Where is Natchez? Where is Natchez?"

He was there somewhere. He was one of the figures of the dance, but he was not to be seen as a single man. He was part of the dance, part of the passion that wore a mask to ward off the spirits of darkness. Sarah could not identify her brother, nor could have any other onlooker, as the dancers chanted: "Hey yah, hey yah, hey yah."

When the last dancer had halted the group's movements with a solid stomp on the pounded earth, there was a stillness beneath the endless backdrop of stars in the desert's winter sky that held the attention of observers and performers, of white men and Indians. It was as though all sound—save the last cracking of burning sagebrush and logs and the breathing of people who circled the dying fire—had vanished with the final echo of the dancers' chanting. Then the silence was broken: first, by the lonely barking and yipping of coyotes; next, by the voice of Major Ormsby, who had stepped into the fading light of the fire to announce: "We will sing the *Star-Spangled Banner*."

Many years later, when time had made that evening a fading memory for those still alive, a much older Sarah Winnemucca described its ending. "It was not a bit like the way my grandfather [Chief Truckee] used to sing it," she wrote, "and that was the first time I had heard it sung by the white people."

Old Chief Winnemucca dressed in his favorite military uniform.

Sarah Winnemucca, as she appeared during her lecture tours around the country.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING the ground was white with frost, but there was no sign of a storm. Warriors hunched their shoulders under rabbit-skin robes and moved in close to the fire pits. Using willow sticks with looped ends, the men lifted egg-size rocks from the coals and dropped them into watertight cooking baskets to simmer pine-nut soup.

Before the sun neared its midday peak, the five Paiutes rode back into Carson City with Captain Jim and some eight or nine other Washos. But it was Captain Jim who drew the most attention. He was one of the largest men that any of the Paiutes or whites had ever seen. He stood well over six feet tall, and his rounded face made the big head appear even larger than it was. Yet, most of his massive size was concentrated in his long-waisted broad upper body. Like the Paiutes, he wore a rabbit-skin robe. However, from his neck hung an intricate necklace, made of five or six strands of small bones, connected in such a fashion that it looked very much like the rib cage of some strange animal. Though his short, heavy legs were bare, his wide feet were covered with light-colored, buckskin moccasins that were beautifully decorated with small trade beads and porcupine quills in the V-shapes of flying geese.

By the time the riders reached Ormsby House, news of their arrival had flown before them like leaves in a sudden wind. Major Ormsby, the self-appointed leader of Carson City's citizens, was waiting for them, and typically he wasted no time in getting down to business. Once again, he held out the fatal arrows and this time asked Captain Jim whether he knew who made such arrows.

Speaking slowly, as though he thought it might help the nervous white man to understand, Captain Jim said, "You ask me if these are my people's arrows. I say yes."

Major Ormsby looked at Numaga and Natchez. He told them what he wanted of Captain Jim, and they translated the order: ". . . he must bring the men and all the money and they shall not be hurt, and all will be right."

There simply wasn't going to be due process of law. The Washos—at least some Washos—were guilty, and had to be treated as guilty of this crime. Washo arrows stood as the evidence. What more was necessary? The rights of injury, of protection from villainy, and even of vengeance belonged to the whites; for whites had been killed by Washo arrows. Ormsby left no room for discussion, no consideration of the possibility that the Washos might be innocent.

Captain Jim listened to this outright accusation of his people. He remained calm while the man with eyes the color of Tahoe treated him as though he himself might be guilty of this crime. Then, the Washo leader tried once again: "I know my people have not killed the men, because none of my men have been away; we are all at Pinenut Valley, and I

Chief Natchez, son of Chief Winnemucca and brother of Sarah Winnemucca.

do not know what to think of the sad thing that has happened."

While it was true that there had been a history of conflict between the Washos and Paiutes, this—of all moments—was the time for the tribes to help each other against a common threat. Instead, War Chief Numaga informed Captain Jim that he had ten days in which to bring in the guilty men. If he did not do this, Paiute warriors would fight the Washos to help their white friends.

With nowhere to turn for help, Captain Jim and his men agreed to do as they were ordered. Their faces revealed the sadness they felt as they left Carson City to bring back the already convicted Washos.

Even as the Washos were moving out of sight, it was obvious to Sarah Winnemucca that her brother Natchez and many of his warriors did not like Chief Numaga's decision to back the whites. The men openly expressed their disapproval and showed their belief that only the passing of time would clear away all doubt as to whether the Washos had killed the two white men.

Five days of the allotted ten passed. On the sixth day, Captain Jim returned to Carson City, bringing with him three warriors, their mothers, and one young, childless wife. News of the arrival quickly spread throughout the small town, and men came on the run. In a very short time, the frightened young Washos were bound at the wrists and locked up in a small house that was to be their jail.

That night the Washo chief, the mothers of the young men, and the lonely wife camped by themselves. As they heard the nearby Paiutes discussing whether or not the Washos had really killed the white men, Captain Jim and the women prayed for help.

On the following day, when the prisoners were brought out of their temporary jail, most of Carson City's residents were there to stare at them. As Major Ormsby was questioning the men through Chief Numaga, town hotheads and Indian haters shouted catcalls, epithets, and every other vile thing that came to mind. Boys took up the taunting, mimicking the men; then they laughed and began to throw stones at the captives. The men encouraged the boys, and the mood of the mob focused into a fury of hate. The emotional pitch became that of a ritual stoning, a crucifixion, or a lynching. Excitement mounted, and cruel laughter greeted the shouts, "Hang the red devils right off."

With varying intensity, the crowd kept up its clamor for the lives of the Washos well into the afternoon. About three o'clock, the harsh and abrasive outcry was replaced by threat of action as thirty-one whites, each carrying a gun, marched down Carson Street toward the captives. When Chiefs Numaga and Natchez saw these men, they ran to intercept them and make sure their intent was justice, not murder.

As the Paiute chiefs leapt forward, one Washo woman became hysterical—to her, the outcome of this meeting was preordained—and screamed with anguish, "Oh, they have come to kill them!" This broke the bonds of emotional control the other women had been maintaining, and they began to cry and wail. Over and over, they insisted that their men were not killers, that they had been at the Pinenut Valley camp when the whites were supposed to have been killed, and that Captain Jim had brought them to Carson City only because they had no fathers to speak out for them, and because they had no children who would need fathers.

The young wife ran to War Chief Numaga, threw herself at his feet, and implored him to save her husband, crying out (as closely as Sarah Winnemucca could recall): "Oh, you are going to have my poor husband killed. We were married this winter, and I have been with him constantly since we were married. Oh, Good Spirit, come! Oh, come into the hearts of this people. Oh, whisper in their hearts that they may not kill my poor husband! Oh good chief, talk for him. Our cruel chief has given my husband to you because he is afraid that all of us will be killed by you." And then she raised up her head and said to the Washo chief, "You have given my innocent blood to save your people."

Even as the wife begged for her man's life, the whites moved in closer. She watched them with eyes darting as though she were a trapped rabbit in a net listening to the approaching hunters and struggling to break loose and make one last try for the open ground.

Continued on page 60

A Matter of Opinion

Conservation on the American Frontier

In an astute essay, "Our Frontier Heritage and the Environment" (The American West, January 1972), Leo E. Oliva detailed "the baneful [environmental] deeds of those who won the West," examined the motivations that prompted such wastefulness, and analyzed how these attitudes have contributed to and are compounding today's complex ecological crisis.

But what about that "very small minority," which Mr. Oliva briefly acknowledges was concerned with the pioneer's heavy-footed impact on the environment as he strode impatiently across the West? Who were these early environmentalists, what did they accomplish, and how did they do it?

As the destructive miners, trappers, lumbermen, hunters, ranchers, and farmers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the country's earliest environmentalists left a legacy by which we may benefit as we struggle to reweave and attune the torn web of life upon which harmonious survival depends.

Through word and deed they expressed an unflagging optimism and an admirable patience in the face of repeated rejection and consistent intolerance of their environmental proposals, which apparently struck mainstream America as radical and even bizarre.

In that "very small minority" were such obscure soil conservationists as Jared Eliot, Samuel Deane, Solomon Drown, John Taylor, John Lorain, Isaac Hill, and Edmund Ruffin, all experimental farmers who lived between the 1600s and 1800s and who advocated such innovative agricultural practices as contour plowing, soil rejuvenation, and planned crop rotation. Their counsel went largely unheeded, however, until the early 1930s, when winds swept the rich but abused soil off the Great Plains and blew it east.

As early conservationists, they were the exceptions. Most men who were initially aware of the need to use frugally the nation's resources did not have dirt under their fingernails. Often city dwellers, they were remote from the pioneer's daily contact with the threatening wilderness. Influenced by European romanticism, they argued that at least traces of the receding wilderness ought to be preserved to satisfy casual curiosity, scientific probing, and recreation.

Such men included novelist James Fenimore Cooper, who plugged for conservation as early as 1823 in *The Pioneers;* philosopher Henry David Thoreau, who in 1858 expressed a longing for national parks or preserves; and artist George Catlin, who in 1833 also recommended that a "nation's park" be created for the benefit of future generations. Other such notables included Horace Greeley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frederick Law Olmsted, George P. March, and John Muir.

Often overlooked are environmentally conscious men such as eastern philanthropists who safeguarded small herds of vanishing species such as the bison by stocking them in their private game preserves until the government got around to protecting the animals, or the western ranchers who closed their lands to hunting when they were made aware that a species such as the pronghorn antelope faced extermination.

Who remembers E. A. McIlhenny, whom Peter Matthiessen credits with saving the snowy egret in 1892 by protecting a remaining few of the disappearing herons on his private preserve in Louisiana until the federal government acted to safeguard the species?

When government units did initially act, environmental benefits were often secondary to economic considerations and military needs. On other occasions environmental measures received approval only by happenstance.

The earliest colonial measures regarding the sale or transport of wood and the first statutes to protect forests against fire and trespass, for example, were prompted primarily out of concern that nearby timber might be exhausted or destroyed and lumber would then have to be transported long distances.

Furthermore, legislation in 1891 that authorized the president to create forest reserves by executive order, and creation in 1876 of a division of forestry in the Department of Agriculture, received approval in part only because of an unattentive Congress, so potentially unpopular were the measures.

Still, the country can boast a long and impressive list of intentional if often hard-won pieces of protective legislation on behalf of the environment. Some efforts were late or nearly late, such as the Fur Seal Treaty of 1911, a piece of landmark international legislation that was approved when only an estimated 3 percent of the original seal population remained. Another was the 1875 buffalo-protection bill, the first piece of legislation approved by Congress to protect a species of wildlife, which nonetheless was spurned by President Ulysses S. Grant on the grounds that extermination of the bison was necessary to eradicate the Plains Indians.

Successful farsighted federal legislation included the 1864

Continued on page 59

A Matter of Opinion *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

XUM

The Western Wilderness of North America

REVIEWED BY ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

FINE BOOKS are growing rarer and fine books produced commercially are rarer still. This book of photographs by Herbert Wendell Gleason may prove to be one of the fifty best books of the year; it is that carefully created and that handsomely produced. Barre Publishers should stand tall with pride. Stewart L. Udall and Dr. George Crossette, who have contributed a foreword and introduction respectively, deserve esteem.

The Western Wilderness of North America photographs by H. W. Gleason and commentary by George Crossette *(Barre Publishers, Barre, Massachusetts, 1972; 108 pp., intro., illus., map, $14.95).*

The owner of the negatives, Roland W. Robbins, made the prints for this book and has done great credit to photographer Gleason, who made the original 5 by 7 glass-plate negatives some seventy years ago. Gleason's photographs ensure his right to be included among the great American landscape photographers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. This eloquent and moving book is dramatic proof that his honored place is truly well-earned and forever secure in time.

This book speaks quietly, perhaps so softly that it is disarming at first glance. It is not a book of heroic proportions, but consists of seventy-six photographs exquisitely printed by the Meriden Gravure Company, suitable captions as required, and supporting text here and there to establish the locale of the photographs. This explanation is inadequate to describe seventy-six examples of an unusually powerful photographic vision, one that speaks with compelling passion and love. The awesome grandeur of the North American wilderness has been transfixed by Gleason's camera in these photos almost precisely as it was seen by the area's first visitors, the Indians. As it caught the imagination and inspired the artistry of many visitors who preceded Gleason, the area became the source of his photographic art. Following in the footsteps of men like John Wesley Powell, Ferdinand Hayden, Clarence King, and John Muir, Gleason identified himself with the preservation of the wilderness and produced images he hoped would help maintain the beauty that had moved him so deeply.

Gleason was more than an inspired artist with a camera or a serious photographic hobbyist. A strong and passionate social impulse underlays his work. For several decades beginning in 1899, he traveled extensively as a Department of Interior "inspector," appointed to the task by his friend, Park Director Stephen Mather. His function was to photograph areas proposed for national park status. He brought to this project the fervor and dedication of a naturalist-conservationist. His success in these efforts won him the lifelong friendship of such conservationists and naturalists as Gilbert Grosvenor, Horace Albright, and Luther Burbank. Gleason was determined to produce ammunition for the battle to create national parks and preserve wilderness areas. He wanted to create effective propaganda that could be seen and believed. He did so, and as is sometimes the case, in that process created photographs of great artistry as well.

Herbert W. Gleason follows a long-honored line of "outdoor men." To distinguish themselves from most other nineteenth-century portrait photographers—men and women who operated studio cameras in photograph galleries—those who went into the wilderness to photograph the landscape dubbed themselves "outdoor men." They include some of the most honored names in western American photographic history: Robert Vance; Timothy O'Sullivan; John K. Hillers; Edward Beaman; the immortal William Henry Jackson; Carleton E. Watkins; Eadweard Muybridge; Isaiah W. Taber; George Fiske of Yosemite Valley fame; Henry G. Peabody, Jackson's own "outdoor man"; and countless others.

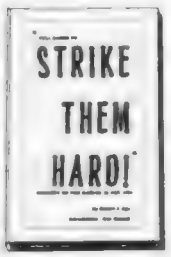
These photographers unfolded the epic glory of the western frontier to the waiting nation more believably than the painter, water colorist, or the lithographer and more soberly than the journalist or emigrant diarist. Their photographs were accepted wholeheartedly by a nation eager to see new lands and new peoples otherwise inaccessible to most citizens.

Two photographs are especially memorable: one fills both pages 30 and 31, and one moody image stretches across pages 90 and 91. Both are wilderness panoramas. Each offers viewers a fresh visual and literary experience, excitement, exaltation, and soul-searching contemplation. Here is wilderness beauty that is throat-catching. Such images have been seen by too few travelers and perhaps even fewer adventurers. The power of black-and-white photography has rarely been more effectively underscored than in these dramatic depictions by Herbert Gleason.

It has been said that a photographic lens by itself has no sense and can choose nothing. Gleason's pictures offer eloquent proof that a lens does provide powerful means for a photographic artist to present the full impulse of his art in enduring photographic images.

It is a special pleasure these days to note that the work of hitherto obscure photographers like Herbert Gleason finally is being sought out. Even more rewarding is the evidence that such work is being re-evaluated and published so that today we may begin affording such able artists the delayed respect and appreciation their humanity and talent truly deserve. For these reasons all who have tried in this book to exalt Gleason's brilliant photographs deserve the gratitude and recognition of the readers of what this reviewer believes will become a classic of its kind.

Robert A. Weinstein, *on the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is an acknowledged authority on the history of the development of photography in the United States.*



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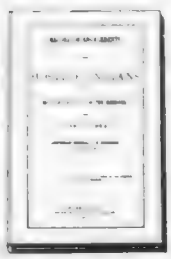

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The Desert World

REVIEWED BY RICHARD G. LILLARD

The Desert World by David F. Costello *(Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1972; 264 pp., illus., map, biblio., appen., index, $7.95).*

COSTELLO'S WORLD is five major areas: the Chihuahuan, Sonoran, Painted, Mohave, and Great Basin deserts. The desert he refers to most often is the sagebrush-covered Great Basin that stretches between two of his favorite locales, Pyramid Lake and the so-called Red Desert in Wyoming. Although the line map, "Major North American Deserts," outlines enormous arid areas in the four northwestern Mexican states, Costello's text comes close to ignoring the Mexican deserts, except for a few repetitive references to plants in Baja California.

The first ten chapters celebrate evolutionary marvels and biological variety. Drawing on his long years as a field ecologist for the Forest Service, Costello provides observations and details about plants, mammals, fishes, insects and other arthropods, birds, reptiles, and amphibians. He is a knowing, sensitive, and readable guide to everything he takes up, as for instance, jackrabbits, trade rats, coyotes, blind snakes, the shrimps in ephemeral lakes, harvester ants, roadrunners, pupfish, sage grouse, toads, or the saguaro cactus—"a microcosm . . . in the desert." He is good on the processes of survival and on the manifold interrelationships among living things and their environments. His own excellent black-and-white photographs illuminate and support his competent text.

Costello shows a positive connection between human events and natural setting when he indicates the stabilized adjustment of aborigines to the deserts of the western states, but he emphasizes a negative relationship throughout his final, despondent chapter, "Man and the North American Deserts: History and the Future." He sketches the "environmental illiteracy" of the incoming Spaniards and especially the Anglos. He deplores the damage done by mining, damming, overgrazing, predator control, hunting, technological and urban developments, war games, and the assorted vandalisms regularly committed in the name of recreation. He scorns the "progress" that is blighting a vast but fragile wonderland.

The contrast between his happy, loving chapters on natural life in undisturbed ecosystems and his terminal indictment of machine age "progress" is another reminder that historians can now once more rewrite the past. The chauvinistic metaphor of the saga, of winning the West, of heroes conquering "savages" and mastering "a hostile environment" can no longer be squared with the record of massive, insidious destruction.

Richard G. Lillard, *professor of American Studies and English at California State University, Los Angeles, is co-author (with Elna Bakker) of* The Great Southwest, *to be published later this month by American West Publishing Company.*

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Senator John James Ingalls: Kansas' Iridescent Republican by Burton J. Williams *(University Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1972; 201 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $7.75).*

REVIEWED BY HOMER E. SOCOLOFSKY

THE THREE-TERM United States senator from Kansas, John James Ingalls, failed in his re-election bid in 1891 when a Populist ground swell overthrew established political leadership. The Populists and other enemies of Ingalls have most often characterized and stereotyped him as an aloof, crafty, sarcastic, and vindictive partisan. His biographer, in this monograph, presents him as a thoroughly political figure, the product of his times, whose achievements were many but not up to his potential.

Referring to Ingalls' extensive correspondence and family remembrances, Burton J. Williams shows that privately Ingalls was often unsure of himself. At the same time, as one of the Senate's leading debaters, he "seldom took the middle ground," and he used his oratorical skill to annihilate critics, even though they were his allies. The caustic wit which Ingalls displayed on the floor of the Senate, to the joy and consternation of those in the gallery, was the product of a lifetime.

During his final years in the Senate, Ingalls served as president pro-tem. Following his defeat he returned to Kansas, re-activated his law practice, and gained additional fame as an essayist, poet, and commentator on the national scene.

The personal life of Ingalls, with his strong affection for his large family, is shown here in fuller detail than in previous biographies. But little is revealed of his legal career, nor is there any mention of several outstanding cases for which he became known in Kansas legal history. The book is attractively published with adequate notes, bibliography, and index and is a necessary volume for library holdings on late nineteenth-century American history.

Homer E. Socolofsky, *professor of history at Kansas State University, is co-author (with Huber Self) of the* Historical Atlas of Kansas, *1972.*

A Description of the Kingdom of New Spain

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

A DESCENDANT of Irishmen who had come to Spain to escape English rule, Pedro Alonso O'Crouley became a merchant with a *licencia* for Veracruz when he was only twenty-four years old.

A Description of the Kingdom of New Spain by Pedro Alonso O'Crouley, translated and edited by Seán Galvin *(John Howell Books, San Francisco, 1972, 148 pp., intro., notes, illus., maps, appen., glossary, biblio., index, $10.00).*

From then until his seventy-seventh year, O'Crouley lived a full life in every sense of the term. He made his fortune as a merchant, traveled to Mexico several times, became a learned man, and in 1774 wrote *Idea compendiosa del Reyno de Nueva España*—an incredible description of eighteenth-century Mexico.

For the first time, this rare volume of New World history has been translated into English and made available to scholars and general readers. Seán Galvin has done an excellent job of editing the O'Crouley text. Although he has changed the sequence of chapters in the interest of understanding, he has not altered the meaning of the work. Furthermore, as a translator, he has retained the sparse quality of O'Crouley's straightforward writing style.

Ranging from descriptions of cities, ports, presidios, and flora and fauna, *The Kingdom of New Spain* is a guidebook to a country far removed from today's Mexico. Chapters on the conquest by Cortés, the origin and succession of Mexican kings, and a description of an early voyage up the Gulf of California and into the lower reaches of the Colorado River are rare glimpses of what some Spanish intellectuals knew about their New World kingdom. But one of the most fascinating features of this book is O'Crouley's discussion of racial mixtures and of the condition of Indians under Spanish rule. Here the author approached his topic in the manner of an anthropologist. Racial mixtures are described in detail, and there are remarkable illustrations to aid comprehension of O'Crouley's narrative. When O'Crouley turned to the status of the Indians, he did not skip lightly past the treatment that the tribes received from their Spanish rulers, for he pointed out that most of the Indians were badly treated and "weighed down by the yoke of servitude."

To add to its value as a primary history of eighteenth-century Mexico, *The Kingdom of New Spain* has magnificent illustrations, maps and sketches of the principal cities and ports, and a full-size reproduction of José Antonio de Alzate y Ramírez's 1768 map of New Spain. All the art work has been reproduced with care and great taste and without regard for cost. Nothing has been spared to make this book a beautiful combination of fine printing and rare history.

Ferol Egan, *an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is author of* The El Dorado Trail *and the forthcoming* Sand in a Whirlwind: The Paiute War of 1860.

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General Crook and the Sierra Madre Adventure

REVIEWED BY ROBERT H. JONES

"THERE WAS no American," concludes Dan L. Thrapp, "aside from the professional ethnologists, who better comprehended the Apache mind, and no American at all who as fully understood and appreciated their warlike spirit and how best to control it and divert it into useful channels" than Gen. George Crook. Although Thrapp admits that Crook was no "paragon," it is the best side of Crook that the author presents to his readers in the last seventy-five pages.

General Crook and the Sierra Madre Adventure by Dan L. Thrapp *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 196 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95).*

Thrapp describes in detail the expedition of Gen. Crook against the Chiricahua Apaches in 1883, conducted with doubtful legal sanction in the Sierra Madre Range of northern Mexico, and leads up to that climax with a thorough examination of the causes for it. One certainly can argue with Thrapp's contention that it was "the most important and dangerous United States Army operation against hostile Indians in the history of the American frontier," for that covers nearly a hundred years of U. S. Army history and a lot of frontiers. But it was a vital campaign for the American Southwest, and Crook accomplished a small miracle.

Indian agent Joseph C. Tiffany, who presided over the vast San Carlos Apache Reservation (and was called "Big Belly" by Apaches who cordially disliked him), began the difficulties by asking the army to arrest or "have . . . killed" certain Apaches who Tiffany believed intended to make trouble. The attempted arrests led to a fight at Cibecue Creek, Arizona, in 1881; the flight of some Chiricahuas from San Carlos to Mexico; and two years of intermittent bloodshed as the army ineffectually sought to bring peace. Thrapp, who has covered much of this in previous works, at times seems bored with it all. He presents the facts in a cloud of detail, obscuring the main thread.

But the author comes alive in the second half of the book, as he gets closer to the main event. Crook took command in September 1882, and quickly brought order to a somewhat chaotic military command. By then, most of the Apaches and all of their important leaders, including Chihuahua, Chatto, and Geronimo, had fled to the Sierra Madre. A straightforward military campaign against them was impossible, for the Sierra Madre country was not only far too rough, but also lay in Mexico. So Crook led an expedition composed largely of Indian scouts directly into the Apache stronghold, fought a skirmish, and with considerable personal bravery and imagination managed to talk the Apaches into peacefully returning to their reservation. Hollywood could not write a fictional script that could in any way match the drama of Crook's campaign.

Thrapp did a fine job of research, among other things finding a rare copy of the original map of the expedition made by Crook's engineer, which is reproduced and tucked away (along with a map of the Cibecue Creek affair) in a pocket inside the back cover. In addition, Thrapp covered much of the ground himself, both on foot and from the air. Photographs of the area add much to the value of the book. An editor for the *Los Angeles Times*, Thrapp writes well, except for an annoying use of the noun "message" which he frequently turns into a verb. As a student of western history, Thrapp excels in his knowledge of the Southwest and the Apache.

The strength of this book lies in the portrait of Crook, who emerges as more than just a competent military man, but a fine diplomat and perhaps even a humanitarian so far as the Apaches were concerned. Thrapp does not bring the Apaches to life quite as well. Physically, the University of Oklahoma Press has again produced an attractive book. Overall, it appears as if this generally good volume will become the standard work on Crook's Sierra Madre campaign.

Robert H. Jones *is head of the department of history at the University of Akron, and a charter member of the Western History Association.*

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The Fifth World of Forster Bennett: Portrait of a Navaho by Vincent Crapanzano *(Viking, New York, 1972; 245 pp., $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY DONALD E. WORCESTER

ACCORDING TO THE Navaho creation myth the first ancestors progressed upward through four worlds while developing social and cultural institutions. "When they finally emerged into the fifth, or present, world, First Man and First Woman created the sun and the moon, and light came to predominate in this world which is generally recognized as the best." With this introduction the author presents field notes taken when, as a graduate student in anthropology, he lived for a short time with a middle-aged Navaho and his children.

The author's purpose was to create a psychological profile of an ordinary Navaho in the hope that by combining the life history as conceived by the informant with a specific record of his behavior, it would be possible to narrow the "semantic gap" between members of the two cultures. Whether or not he achieves this goal, his findings are disturbing, to say the least.

Largest of the tribes within the United States, with an estimated population of one hundred and forty thousand and occupying a reservation about the size of West Virginia, the Navaho appear, from a distance, to be wedded to their traditional ways despite a calculated effort to convert them into imitation white farmers of Christian persuasion. The author's brief visit with one family and its friends convinced him that the Navaho are in a painful state of transition from a meaningful culture to a meaningless one. The old ways are no longer understood or venerated by most Navaho. They still go through the motions, but the "sings" and other rituals are losing their effect. The Navaho are torn between the old ways, which they are beginning to doubt, and the ways of the Anglos, as they conceive them. But like other Indians their contacts are largely with "marginal" Americans, so that their acculturation is into a marginal American society.

Without idealizing or romanticizing the Navaho, these field notes contain the elements of high tragedy. Here is a glimpse into the decay of a once-proud culture and its replacement by whatever cultural values may be derived from girlie magazines, fourth-rate movies, and alcohol. The fifth world of the Navaho is an empty, make-believe world. The Navaho are, it seems certain, headed for cultural oblivion.

Donald E. Worcester *is chairman of the history department at Texas Christian University and Lorin A. Boswell Professor of History.*

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The Public Lands of Texas 1519–1970 by Thomas Lloyd Miller, foreword by Ralph W. Yarborough *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1972; 341 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY JERRY A. O'CALLAGHAN

WHEN THE Republic of Texas became a state in the American Union, it kept the ten-million-dollar Texas public debt and 216 million acres of Texas public lands. Thomas Lloyd Miller details their history in *The Public Lands of Texas 1519–1970*. He sets himself two objectives: giving a complete account of acquisition and disposition of the public lands of Texas using all available sources and completing a statistical series on receipts from 1929–1970.

The latter objective has been well met. Miller's achievement, while very useful, is also far less than the stated objective of a complete account from all available sources.

Miller confines himself largely to outlining provisions of Texas public land statutes, well illustrated with statistical summaries. For those unschooled in Texas public land history, there is some difficulty in sorting out major statutes from clarifying and perfecting ones.

In 1836 the Republic of Texas began its existence with 216 million acres as a national patrimony. Previously Spain and Mexico had appropriated 26 million Texas acres. In 1850, to settle a boundary dispute, Texas sold 67 million acres to the United States in what are now the states of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Oklahoma. Incidentally, it received ten million dollars—a sum equal to the Texas public debt whose retention was the rationale for Texas retention of its public lands. So Texas was home free with something like a 149-million-acre patrimony.

The details vary from other American experiences in public land management but the pattern is familiar; the public lands were the most immediate form of capital. They were sold or given to support a host of endeavors, as indicated in the acreage summary. As Miller notes, land and fraud were practically inseparable terms.

A General Land Office perspective dominates Miller's narrative, i.e. a concentration on acreage figures and receipts. There is only incidental reference to the use of land—neither a critique of the land transfer policy of earlier years nor a description of current uses. There is no mention of such conservation practices as sustained yield forestry, watershed conservation, or range management. Are these not dealt with because they are not in use on the reserved Texas public lands or because Miller did not see them as part of his complete story? The reader is left in limbo.

Miller's *The Public Lands of Texas* amounts to a carefully annotated statistical summation. As such it is excellent, important, and useful; but there is still much more to be told to give the complete story of the Texas public lands from all available sources.

Jerry A. O'Callaghan, *a specialist in public lands history, is chief of the Division of Cooperative Relations, Bureau of Land Management, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C.*

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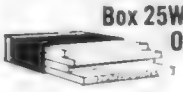
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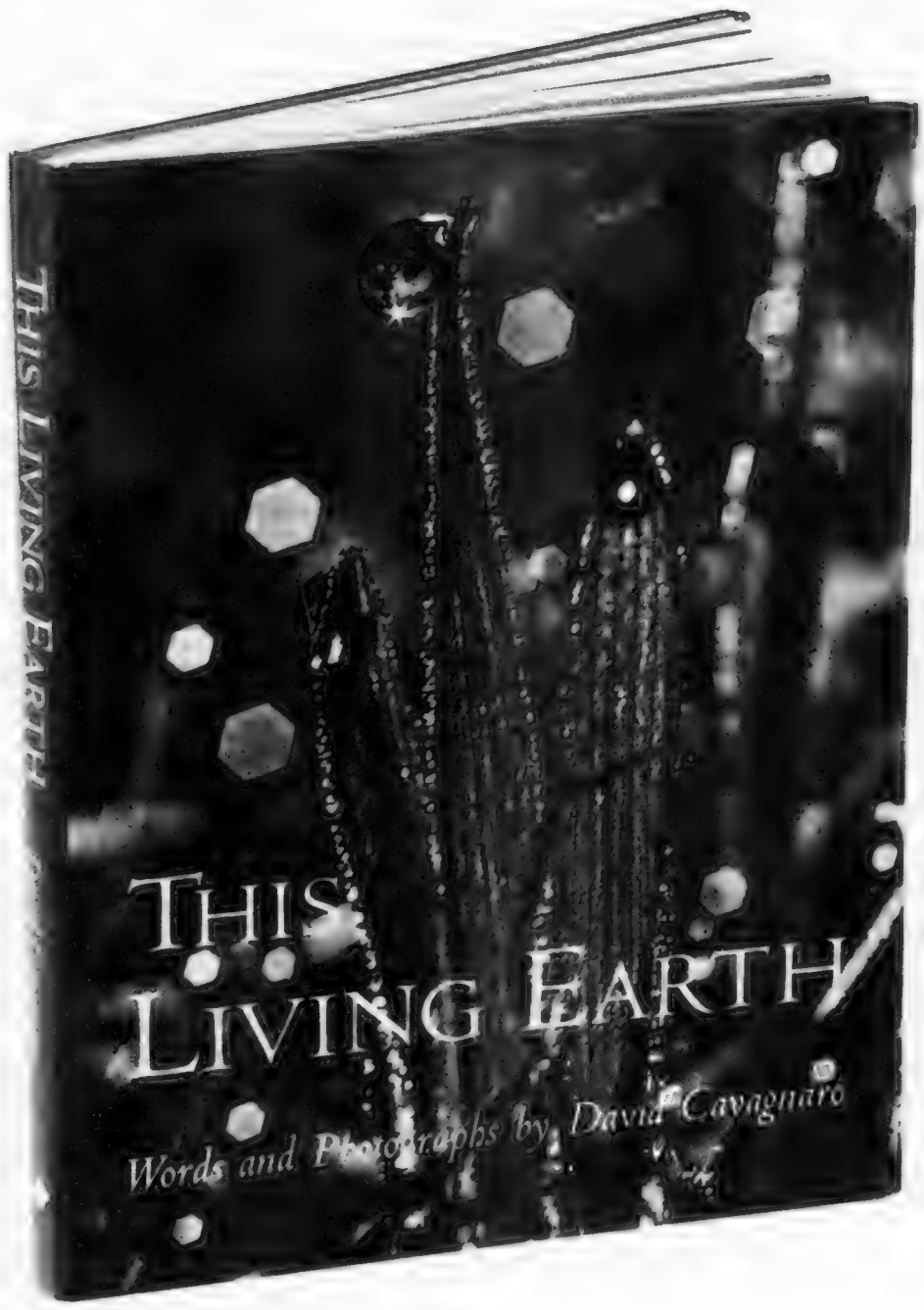

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An account and objective analysis of the eighteenth-century confrontation between the eastern woodland Indians and the Anglo-American pioneers. This book, by a noted historian, has deep anthropological import for other native people's struggles in North America and around the world, and points out how the white invasion—with its cattle and other domestic animals and maize fields—overran the Indian villages.

Monterey: The Presence of the Past by Augusta Fink *(Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1972; 270 pp., intro., illus., chron., biblio., index, $9.95).*

The dramatic interplay between this rugged California country and the people who shaped it from an ancestral Indian homeland to remote Spanish outpost to resort mecca for millions.

Consignments to El Dorado: A Record of the Voyage of the Sutton by Thomas Whaley, edited by June Allen Reading *(Exposition Press, New York, 1972; 268 pp., intro., illus., notes, appen., biblio., index, $10.00).*

Compiled and edited from the journal and letters (1848–49) written by twenty-four-year-old Whaley on his 15,000-mile, 240-day voyage to California. The everyday life aboard a sailing vessel, and the thoughts of one of its passengers eager to reach prosperity.

An End and a Beginning: The South Coast and Los Angeles, 1850–1887 by Joseph S. O'Flaherty *(Exposition Press, New York, 1972; 222 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $7.50).*

A journey through part of Los Angeles's turbulent history from the marriage of Don Abel Stearns to the boom times of the late 1880s.

Frederick Law Olmsted and the American Environmental Tradition by Albert Fein *(George Braziller, New York, 1972; 180 pp., illus., notes, chron., biblio., index, $10.00 cloth, $3.95 paper).*

An analysis of Olmsted's environmental and urban planning of the 1800s, which exemplified his dreams of social justice, ecological constraint, and natural beauty. Includes numerous architectural illustrations of sites around the U.S.

Mukat's People: The Cahuilla Indians of Southern California by Lowell John Bean *(University of California, Berkeley, 1972; 201 pp., map, illus., biblio., $6.75).*

A reconstruction of the Cahuilla—a Shoshonean-speaking people in the interior of Southern California—culture as it was at the beginning of the Spanish period. Drawing on ethnographic and archaeological findings, historical documents, and the memories of present-day Cahuilla, the author discusses their social structure, especially their remarkable adaptability to the rugged environment.

Mountain Troopers: The Story of the Tenth Mountain Division by Curtis W. Casewit *(Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1972; 150 pp., intro., illus., map, index, $4.50).*

A following of the men of the Tenth from their early days of training for mountain combat in Colorado and Texas to actual experience in the rugged Italian Alps. Many of the men of this unusual fighting unit were former ski champions and mountaineers.

Mines of Julian by Helen Ellsberg *(La Siesta Press, Glendale, California, 1972; 72 pp., illus., $1.95 paper).*

Part of the Mines of California series, and blended from many interviews and much research of old records and newspapers. The village of Julian in eastern San Diego County still exists and affords much of interest about old mining developments and their lore.

Rio Grande Wetbacks: Mexican Migrant Workers by Carrol Norquest *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1972; 159 pp., intro., map, $4.95).*

Stories of the wetbacks of the 1930s and 1940s, told by a farmer who employed them and now writes of them as they were, his friends. The author does not analyze statistics, but tells readers about his neighbors—their families, their hopes and heartbreaks.

Autos Across America: A Bibliography of Transcontinental Travel, 1903–1940 by Carey S. Bliss *(Plantin Press, Los Angeles, 1972; 60 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $15.00).*

An extensive, descriptive bibliography of over one hundred tours made by adventurous auto pioneers. Bliss, who researched the subject for nineteen years, also offers a list of the seven major transcontinental routes available to the motorist in 1924.

My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians by Oliver O. Howard, introduction by Robert M. Utley *(Da Capo Press, New York, 1972, reprint of 1907 edition; 570 pp., illus., suggested reading, $15.00).*

This Indian diplomatist's fourteen years on the frontier, told with a genuine and unusual sympathy for his native adversaries. Yet, because Howard did not see any need to preserve the Indians' culture and religion and considered them potential Christian converts, this book stands as a classic comment on the white man's failure to meet the Indian in a truly equitable manner.

Oh, Ranger! by Horace M. Albright and Frank J. Taylor, preface by George B. Hartzog, Jr., director of the National Park Service. *(Chatham Press, Riverside, Connecticut, 1972; 239 pp., intro., illus., notes, index, $3.95 paper).*

A centennial edition—marking one hundred years of the national park concept beginning with the act creating Yellowstone in 1872—of this book (first published in 1927) about the life and spirit of the park rangers. Includes new photographs, and complete list of all 285 national park areas.

THE MANY FACES OF DESERT

(Continued from page 27)

Great Basin and the *Navajoan*. They are far from the central core of least rainfall, and their vegetation is distinctly different from that of the other deserts, with the exception of stream-course plants and those adapted to saline or alkaline conditions. Both of these peripheral deserts are largely dominated by Great Basin sagebrush. This ubiquitous, aromatic shrub, though present at certain elevations in the western California desert, is missing throughout most of the southern deserts. Conversely, creosote bush, the major matrix plant for the Sonoran, Mojave, and Chihuahuan deserts, is absent from these higher, cooler, and more northerly arid areas.

The Great Basin covers most of Nevada, creeps into the western edge of Utah, and drifts as far north as central Oregon and southern Idaho. The basin is not actually a depression, in the sense of being an area of low elevation, as a number of mountain ranges vary the relief. The word "basin" refers rather to the fact that it is landlocked—it has internal drainage, with no substantial outlet to the sea. Runoff collects in basins separated from each other by numerous ranges, large and small. The Navajoan Desert, on the other hand, is located on the huge Colorado Plateau. Though there are places where local runoff "stays put," almost the entire tableland is drained by the Colorado River. Some drainage escapes into the Rio Grande on the eastern edge.

The scenic contrast between the Great Basin and Navajoan deserts could not be more dramatic. Much of Nevada north of the creosote-bush zone is rather monotonous. A few ranges, some as high as Wheeler Peak in the eastern part of the state, provide occasional variation, but the miles between Reno and the Utah border are a seemingly endless expanse of rolling scrub.

Once at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains—a mirror image of the Sierra in their geologic history and impressiveness—one enters a different world, that of the Colorado Plateau. East of the range anywhere in Utah, one is bombarded with fantastic scenery, brilliant in color, magnificent in proportion, immense in confusing topography, broken, desolate, and luridly beautiful. What can match the Mittens of Monument Valley, the overwhelming view from Dead Horse Point in the Canyonlands country, the sculptured perfection of Delicate Arch, or the colors in Cedar Breaks?

Pink cliffs sheltering grottos with minute waterfalls and maidenhair fern; eyeball-searing white beds of alkali that often contain commercially valuable minerals; rolling hills graciously decked in summer's green; forest-fringed canyons, large enough to hold a mountain range; sandy wash floors covered with spring's floral wealth; lakes where water skiers are as numerous as the cacti on their rims: below sea level, above timberline—the Southwest's deserts offer a varied menu. There *is* something for everyone.

Elna Bakker, *an officer of the Nature Conservancy and former research consultant in ecology for the Oakland Museum, is the author of the recently published book,* An Island Called California *(University of California Press, Berkeley, 1971).*

A MATTER OF OPINION

(Continued from page 48)

measure to preserve Yosemite Valley, the 1872 action to create Yellowstone National Park as the first national park, and the 1894 act to prohibit the hunting of birds or wild animals in Yellowstone.

Momentary conservationist casualties during the 1860s and 1870s, when environmental awareness was starting to hit its stride, were sustained by George Perkins Marsh, Carl Schurz, and Major John Wesley Powell, each of whom labored long but unsuccessfully for such programs as experimental forestry, federal forest reserves, reforestation, and wise water utilization. Several years after their initial efforts many of their proposals were finally enacted.

States and local governmental units often did not wait for the federal government to act before instituting their own environmental measures. During the 1860s several states encouraged tree planting by offering bounties, tax exemptions, and reduced assessments. In 1872 J. Sterling Mortion founded Arbor Day in Nebraska to encourage the development of woodlots and shelter belts. Two years earlier California created the first public wildlife refuge in North America, a small waterfowl sanctuary at Lake Merritt in Oakland. Considerably earlier, in 1646, Portsmouth, Rhode Island, established the first annual closed season on deer.

Near the end of his essay, Mr. Oliva listed four needs of contemporary society which are in conflict with the way in which the frontiersmen lived and utilized the land: a need for population control, a need for conservation, a need for a new concept of progress which "emphasizes quality rather than quantity," and a need for "a community ethic in place of economic individualism and the profit motive."

Closely related to his final need is the following proposed fifth need, prompted by the frustration that the country's earliest conservationists must have felt as they advocated wise use of the nation's resources: a need for the public generally, and leaders specifically, to lend a sensitive and sincere ear to the advice of men and women who are offering constructive alternatives to practices which continue to be ecologically damaging.

D. Michael Dunne
Sutter Creek, California

RECONNOITERING THE BARRIER

(Continued from page 33)

pride, and the comedy of vanity that would mark his life, emerged during this excursion when he appears as the hero and principal subject of his journals.

His second expedition, in 1843, was a promotional tour to encourage migration, dispel any fear of the overland crossing, and show the wealth of the West, by mapping the entire Oregon Trail. While on the surface the purpose sounds commendable and Frémont appears as the architect of a grand design for empire, his own journal entries would seem to discredit these notions. He noted while resting one day that emigrant trains were already headed west, the plain before and behind dotted with white covers, and the number of emigrants in evidence large. Frémont had leapt on an already stable, rapid, and well-directed bandwagon. But he was a most effective advertisement for Manifest Destiny, and perhaps therein lies his worth. Also, his observations on the Great Basin, made during the expedition, first attracted Brigham Young and laid the groundwork for the empire in Zion.

By the time of his third expedition, Frémont had begun to heed his own words. He passed quickly up the Arkansas and through the heart of the Colorado Rockies, his only concern to find swift passage en route to the greater glory of conquest in California. Again in 1848—seeking to recoup his reputation and his fortune following a court-martial that grew out of bitterness and hostility with Kearny engendered during the California foray—Frémont sought another pass through the mountains. Hoping to establish a winter route to the Pacific, he took men and mules, despite warnings, into a disastrous debacle in the snow-choked San Juan Mountains. The pride and arrogance of a waning political luminary and tarnished tin soldier killed over half the men of the party and marked the end of Frémont's explorations.

Frémont's excursions into the Rockies, like those of most of the Spanish and earlier Americans, consisted primarily of finding a way to avoid the mountains—either by skirting them entirely, or finding quick passage through. Until after the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, private citizens generally tended to follow the example of their governments. They approached, they encountered, they retreated, they skirted, and even passed through, but with the notable exception of the fur trappers, efforts to live with—and profit from—the mountains were notable by their absence. For men with other options, the Rocky Mountains were a formidable bastion.

Donald G. Pike *is a staff writer for American West Publishing Company, with a special interest in the history of the development of the Rocky Mountain West.*

VICTIMS OF JUSTICE

(Continued from page 47)

All of it was fast becoming a nightmare, a scream in the night without anyone to hear. Sensing the growing danger, Chief Natchez moved toward the frantic Washo women and, in a calm, soothing voice tried to assure them that the white men had come only to take the men to jail, that they had no intention of killing them.

Yet his words fell on ears made deaf by terror. As the whites took the prisoners by their arms, one of the women cried out, "See, they are taking them away."

The combination of the clutch of the armed white men and their own terrified women was more than the prisoners could bear. In a sudden move, all three broke away from their captors and, like dog-driven deer, ran toward the open meadow and the faraway cottonwoods of the Carson River.

Almost as a reflex action, the whites raised their rifles and took aim; and in the next instant white puffs of powder smoke hung in the cold air of late afternoon, accompanied by the echoing sound of shots. Two men fell in mid-stride. The other stopped and, before a second round was fired, turned and faced the riflemen, his hands raised upward. The hardfaced men held their rifles steady and motioned him back.

Before anyone could grab them, the screaming Washo women ran past the line of riflemen to their wounded men. Dropping to the ground, they clutched the men tightly, moaning and crying.

The scene was etched in Sarah Winnemucca's memory forever. She and her sister were stunned and sick. Though the two men lived throughout the long night, and their women held them close, their bodies became cold with death as the sun began to rise. The exhausted women threw themselves on the men when they realized they were dead, sobbing until Sarah thought they would never stop. The "weeping was enough to make the very mountains weep."

Crying with grief, Sarah ran to Mrs. Ormsby and clung tightly to her. She told her that she believed the Washo women had told the truth; their men were innocent, and now they had been killed for something they had not done.

Mrs. Ormsby looked down at her with all the conviction of the self-righteous and said, "How came the Washo arrows there? . . . the chief himself has brought them to us, and my husband knows what he is doing." There couldn't be a mistake. Guilt was not to be carried in the hearts of the staunch, law-abiding citizens of Carson City.

Captain Jim heard the heartbroken women curse him and the Paiute chiefs for allowing innocent men to be killed. And even as they cursed him, the whites led the remaining warrior away for a trial to be held in California, where, as they told Captain Jim, the man would receive justice. But the word

was without meaning to the Washo chief—there is no record of its being translated for him. All that remain are Captain Jim's words as the women accused him of betrayal. With tears running down his broad cheeks, he faced them and said to the sky itself, "It is true what the women say—it is I who have killed them. Their blood is on my hands. I know their spirits will haunt me, and give me bad luck while I live."

Frontier justice had come to Carson City, and the first victims were to be burned in the custom of their people. That much was done in the spirit of truth.

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BY FAYRE AND GENTLE MEANES

(Continued from page 11)

so unless interrupted by some source of friction. Since the traders' presence generally raised no threat that was discernible to the natives, but, on the contrary, made possible the Indians' acquisition of guns and other products they keenly desired, goodwill could reign, and the long record of relationships between members of both races was, on the whole, one of tranquility.

In the "community of interests" of buyer and seller in the fur trade, many diaries and journals of traders bear witness to friendship and help given by the Indians. The natives' contributions, in fact, were often decisive to the explorations and other achievements usually credited to the whites alone, yet today they are frequently overlooked even in assessments of the fur-gathering successes of the traders. But it should not be forgotten that Indians showed whites the canoe routes, trails, and passes of the continent, often going along with the fur men, sharing their hardships and perils, and frequently entering the country of their own mortal enemies. One thinks immediately of the loyal Crees who traveled with Anthony Henday to the Blackfeet in 1754; of the "sociable, kind and sensible" Matonabbee, who led Samuel Hearne to the Coppermine River in 1772–73; and of the Chipewyans who suffered and almost perished with David Thompson during his dangerous journey to Athabaska Lake in 1796. Nor should it be forgotten that Indians showed whites how to build and travel in canoes and how to make and use different types of snowshoes, and that they instructed them in fishing and hunting techniques and in adapting themselves to wilderness life. They introduced the traders, moreover, to arts and skills of woodcraft, to pemmican, and to many articles of clothing, including moccasins, fur mittens and caps, capotes, and skin leggings, all of which the whites adopted.

In general, the men of the Hudson's Bay Company were no different in their personal attitudes toward Indians from other white fur traders. The officers and servants, as already noted, were responsible to an organized company that not only controlled and checked their conduct, but, to a degree anyway, influenced their attitudes. In addition, many of the officers were men of character who tried to keep the country free of unprincipled and troublemaking whites and, by example as well as command, guided the relations between their employees and the Indians. But the individual feelings of the men were those of any like number of white men engaged in the fur trade.

Always working against the Indians was the inexorable truth that their cultures were totally different from that of the whites, and save for an occasional trader like David Thompson, few of the fur men deviated from the usual pattern of Europeans who regarded native cultures and peoples as inferior. Even most of those who took Indian wives and raised families of half bloods looked down on the Indians. Governor George Simpson referred to his half-blood wife, who bore him a child, as a "bit of brown," and not a few of the factors and traders left their native families behind when they returned to civilization, where they took new wives as if they were their first.

Many of the Hudson's Bay Company men were well educated and talented, and they showed a great curiosity about the Indians. Some learned native languages, studied their ways, probed them about their beliefs and histories, and came to recognize and appreciate the values of the various native peoples they met. Some, like Henry Kelsey, compiled dictionaries of native languages. Others wrote long accounts of tribal ways and customs, which are extremely valuable today to students of ethnology, for they describe the lives of tribes before the white men had corrupted them.

On the whole, however, the fur men were indifferent to the Indians' customs and welfare. They were engaged in a business, and what interest they showed in the Indians was usually a reflection simply of their recognition that their lives and fortunes depended on the natives. Most of the men, including some who, like Philip Turnor, Andrew Graham, and Alexander Ross, occasionally praised and professed sympathy for the Indians, were harassed and frustrated by native traits that they did not understand or appreciate, and they, like many others, filled their diaries and writings with vilifications of the natives, terming them scoundrels, rogues, and rascals, and characterizing them as treacherous, fickle, deceitful, dishonest, slanderous, capricious, cunning, indolent, gluttonous, and perfidious. Other traders, more perceptive, recognized that differences in culture, ignorance of accepted Indian ways, and failures of communication caused the frustrations, and after they had given vent to their angry feelings, they often admitted that they really had not meant all that they had said.

No man heaped greater invective on the natives than Peter Skene Ogden, who on one occasion when things were going badly for his brigade in the Snake country, wrote furiously,

"Acting for myself, I will not hesitate to say I would willingly sacrifice a year or two to exterminate the whole Snake tribe, women and children excepted. In so doing I could fully justify myself before God and man. Those who live at a distance are of a different opinion. My reply to them is this: Come out and suffer and judge for yourselves if forbearance has not been carried beyond bounds ordained by Scripture and surely this is the only guide a Christian sh'd follow." Yet at other times Ogden wrote with understanding and compassion for the Indians, and after the uprising by the Cayuse Indians at the Whitman mission in the Oregon Territory in 1847, he was so well respected by the Indians that he was able to effect the rescue of the survivors.

THE IMPERIALISTIC nature of the company's daily intercourse with the natives was never in any doubt. The Indians were not treated as equals, but were cajoled, manipulated, exploited, and sometimes bullied. Many a governor, factor, and trader, though outwardly friendly to them, held them in contempt. "Treat them civilly not Useing to much familliarity with them for that will make them prove Saucy & impudent," James Knight cautioned his men in 1717. "Impudent" was an overused characterization of the Indians by the traders, and through the years they overlooked no opportunity to make the Indians know that the whites, not the Indians, set the rules for the relations between them.

The high-handedness of the buyer in the sellers' country began early. In 1686, Governor Sergeant flogged an Indian at Albany Fort, and the flogging of natives became so common a punishment at posts thereafter, that when the American missionary Henry Spalding began flogging Nez Percé Indians in Oregon in the 1830s, he thought it was proper treatment for Indians, since the Hudson's Bay Company flogged them at the nearby Fort Walla Walla.

Generally, the traders' policy was aimed at deterring trouble from the Indians by making them aware that the whites would retaliate with stern punishment. Trouble, in the usual sense, would mean a theft, an attack on a post, the murder of a white man, or some other serious action that constituted an affront to traders, despite the fact that they were in the Indians' country and the Indians' act might have been in retaliation for a white man's affront to them. Thus, when Indians felt they had good cause to burn down Henley House on Albany River in 1755 and murder its master and four others, who had given them grievous offense, four Indians who confessed the action were put in irons, tried, and hanged.

Wherever practicable, the company extended the enforcement of its version of what constituted justice. In time, trouble meriting punishment came to include infractions of rules of trade and conduct around the posts, insults and "impudence" to the whites, threats, and even Indian misconduct to other Indians. Although the effect in some areas was to make Indians docile, and even servile, a situation the traders did not find unpleasant, company authorities, with a sense of the white man's superiority, continued to justify their right to punish Indians by asserting that only force or fear of force made Indians act "properly." The Indians, said George Simpson, were "solely prevented from committing the most atrocious crimes by a fear of the consequences . . ." He advocated ruling them with a "rod of iron," and saw that the traders under him followed suit.

From the company's point of view, it worked. Indians, made accountable for their breaches of the codes of conduct that the traders gave them, saw that they could not win. The company held the upper hand, for it could halt trade with everybody, thus turning the anger of other Indians against the native or group of natives that had caused the difficulty. As a result, Indians often policed themselves, forcing everyone to abide by the traders' rules, and surrendering to whites anyone who caused offense. The policy worked nowhere better than in the Columbia River district, where John McLoughlin established so great a degree of respect from the various tribes that a trader could boast that he could walk anywhere in the district unarmed and feel a perfect sense of security. The measure of effectiveness of the company's dominion over the natives was seen only a few years later when the same country went under American rule and the Indians erupted in bitter warfare against the newly arrived settlers. "I am of opinion," wrote the Hudson's Bay Company's James Douglas, "that there must have been some great mismanagement on the part of the American authorities or it is hardly credible that the natives of Oregon, whose character has been softened and improved by fifty years of commercial intercourse with the establishments of the Hudson's Bay Company would otherwise exhibit so determined a Spirit of hostility against any white people."

The "softening" of the Indians had another entirely practical effect. It made the Indians easier to exploit. The company had a long history of pleading to Parliament for the continuation and extension of its monopoly position, arguing, with a large degree of correctness, that competition debauched and harmed the Indians, whereas a single company such as itself could conduct trade in an orderly manner, with due regard for the Indians' welfare. There was much to be said for this, since competition had clearly disrupted and corrupted many tribes. But monopoly made the Indian something of a pawn for the monopolist, and on many occasions, also, the Hudson's Bay Company had had to defend itself in England against charges that it was exploiting the natives. As early as 1698, the company had been accused of cheating the Indians at the bay and driving them into the arms of the French. More serious charges of the same nature were made in 1749, and from the 1830s until the 1860s accusations that the company was exploiting the Indians were common.

There was more than a little truth to them. By its nature, the fur trade broke down the old ways of the Indians and made them dependent on the traders. Indians who substituted guns for bows and arrows became helpless when arms and powder

were denied them. The problem was evident in 1672 when three Indians approached the English at Rupert's River to beg for provisions. By 1726, one generation after the Hudson's Bay Company had begun to trade at the bay, it reported that "many thousand Families of the Natives for want of the supply they Annually receive from us, of Guns, Powder, and Shott, wherewith they kill the Beaver, Buffalo and several other Beasts of that Country, the Flesh whereof is their food, will by the disappointment of the not arrival of the said ships, be starved before the next Year." The numbers of Indians dependent on the trade increased each year, and the recognition of that fact made it clear that only conscience, self-restraint, and the weak and distant voice of public opinion need limit a monopoly's ability to exploit the state of dependency.

In 1831, Governor Simpson unabashedly directed his men to encourage the Indians' dependency. "The best and most effectual way of encouraging the natives to industry," he told them, "is by paying them liberally for their skins, by which means our supplies in due time become so necessary to them as to make them in a certain measure dependent on us." Simpson, who was the greatest efficiency expert for the reaping of profits that the company ever had in North America, was also one of its most compelling voices for monopoly position. He knew the advantages of dependency to a monopoly, for he was first and always a businessman. "Philanthropy is not the exclusive object of our visits to these Northern Regions," he once said of the Hudson's Bay Company's trade.

On the whole, through the years, the company did well in its trade with the Indians, but one may argue about the extent to which its profits represented exploitation of the natives. It had good years and bad, and often it suffered from competition, losses at sea, interruptions from war, and other difficulties not connected with the exchange of trade goods with the Indians for furs. Statistics on profits as against the cost of trade goods to the company are available for certain periods; sometimes they tell the whole story, sometimes they do not. In the decade of the 1720s, the company made an annual average profit of about £10,000, based on average annual gross sales of about £27,000. But it is not clear how much of the £17,000 in average costs went for the purchase of trade goods. In the decade, 1739–1748, the record is more precise. Average annual profits were about £6,350 on average annual gross sales of £27,000; the cost of trade goods average about £3,700 per year. Stores, equipment, and various other charges, including shipping, were the other costs that ate into the sales receipts.

Between 1830 and 1839, the company made an annual average profit of £20,500 and, between 1840 and 1857, the average yearly profit was £65,573. Trade goods in 1843 cost the company £6,500, in 1853 £14,000, and in 1857 £30,800. In the latter year, the £30,800 in trade goods bought furs that the company sold for £116,225. The company always got its money's worth from the Indians, and in the later years, especially, the Indians, as well as the Métis and others who purchased supplies from the company at Red River, became increasingly dissatisfied with the low prices the company paid for furs and the high prices it charged for trade goods and supplies.

On other scores, the fur trade proved disastrous for the Indians, but the Hudson's Bay Company was only one of the contributors to this legacy. Every competitor in the trade shares the blame. Chief among the catastrophes were the epidemic diseases that the white man spread among the Indians. In 1781, and at least twice again in the nineteenth century, smallpox wiped out great numbers of Indians in the fur country and on the plains. In the 1830s, respiratory diseases caused the deaths of tens of thousands of Indians along the lower Columbia, all but emptying the area of its original native population. Measles, "intermittent fever," and other illnesses struck again and again at tribes, demoralizing and weakening them and hastening the end of their power and freedom.

Fur trade wars between nations, as well as among competing private companies, enlisted tribes as allies of the rival whites, pitting Indians against Indians, and causing the destruction of tribes, the ejection of native peoples from their homelands, and anguish and death for thousands of Indians. When the home country of one tribe was trapped clear of beaver, the trade induced the Indians to move greedily into someone else's territory, setting off more strife. The destruction and impoverishment of whole peoples by alcohol have already been noted; the liquor weakened family, clan, and tribal ties and made the Indians slaves to the trading posts. Old systems and societies crumbled, and Indian values and lifestyles were abandoned. Trapping broke up the group and community orientation of the natives and, bringing in its place, prestige, favoritism, and rewards to the best fur suppliers, introduced competitive jealousies and factions and divisions among the peoples.

Most of all, the cumulative impact of all these destructive forces impaired the Indians' ability to cope with the more aggressive whites who followed the fur men into the Indian country seeking timber, mineral wealth, and land. With the withering of the fur trade and the abandonment of posts, the Indians, dependent for so long on the trade, were left impoverished and helpless, without a means of support, a source of needed goods, or even the ability to secure their lands.

In the long run, the last was to be the most enduring and damaging effect of the fur trade. Mention has been made of the purchase of Indians' land at Rupert's River by Capt. Zachariah Gillam of the adventurers' first expedition to the bay in 1668. The company itself encouraged such local transactions but, in the context of international rivalries, considered them important more for the right of possession they established against rival white claims than as necessary formalities owed to the Indians. From time to time, through the years, traders continued to make treaties with individual groups of natives, purchasing small areas of land. But many posts were established without formal acknowledgement of Indian land

ownership, and, by and large (with the exception of a disputed purchase by the Earl of Selkirk of land for colonists at Red River in 1817, and the acquisition of tracts on Vancouver Island after 1849), the company extinguished little of the natives' title to Rupert's Land or the territory northwest and west of that domain. In 1869, when the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered back to the Crown all of Rupert's Land, it won agreement from Canada that it would be exempt from responsibility for claims by Indians to the lands it surrendered. By washing its hands of the matter, it bequeathed to Canada an injustice that is still unrectified. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, a series of government treaties won land cessions from some of the Indians of the former Rupert's Land and placed many of the natives on reserves. But much more was left undone. Indians in British Columbia and northern Quebec still have no treaty rights to any of their lands. Similarly, though the Indians of the Northwest Territory and Yukon were long ago promised treaty recognition of their lands, the government's promises were never kept, and the natives are still without their rights.

The issue is bound to surface as present-day Indians become increasingly insistent on recognition of their rights. And their long-deferred quest for justice, harking back to the almost-forgotten times of the greatest days of the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade with their ancestors, will undoubtedly add an important and valuable point of view to the assessment of the company's relations with the Indians—that of the native peoples themselves.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., *is vice president and senior editor of American Heritage Publishing Company.*

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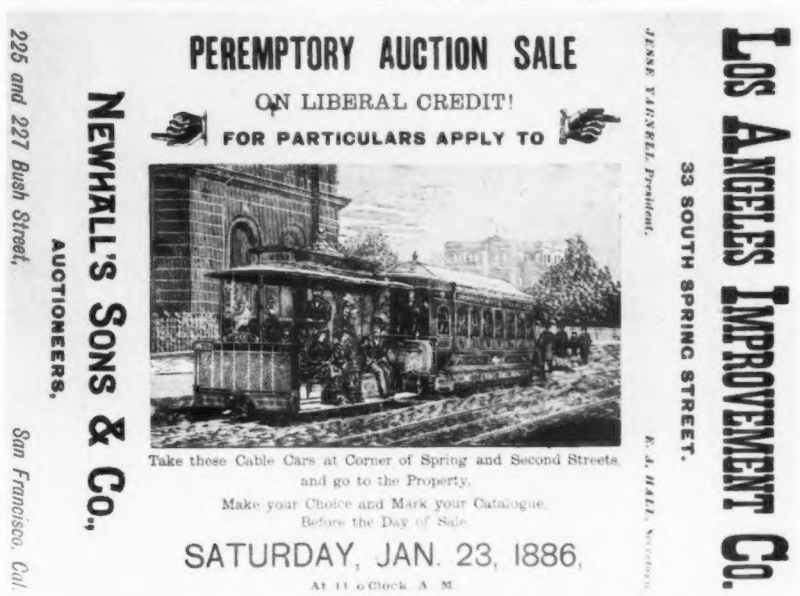
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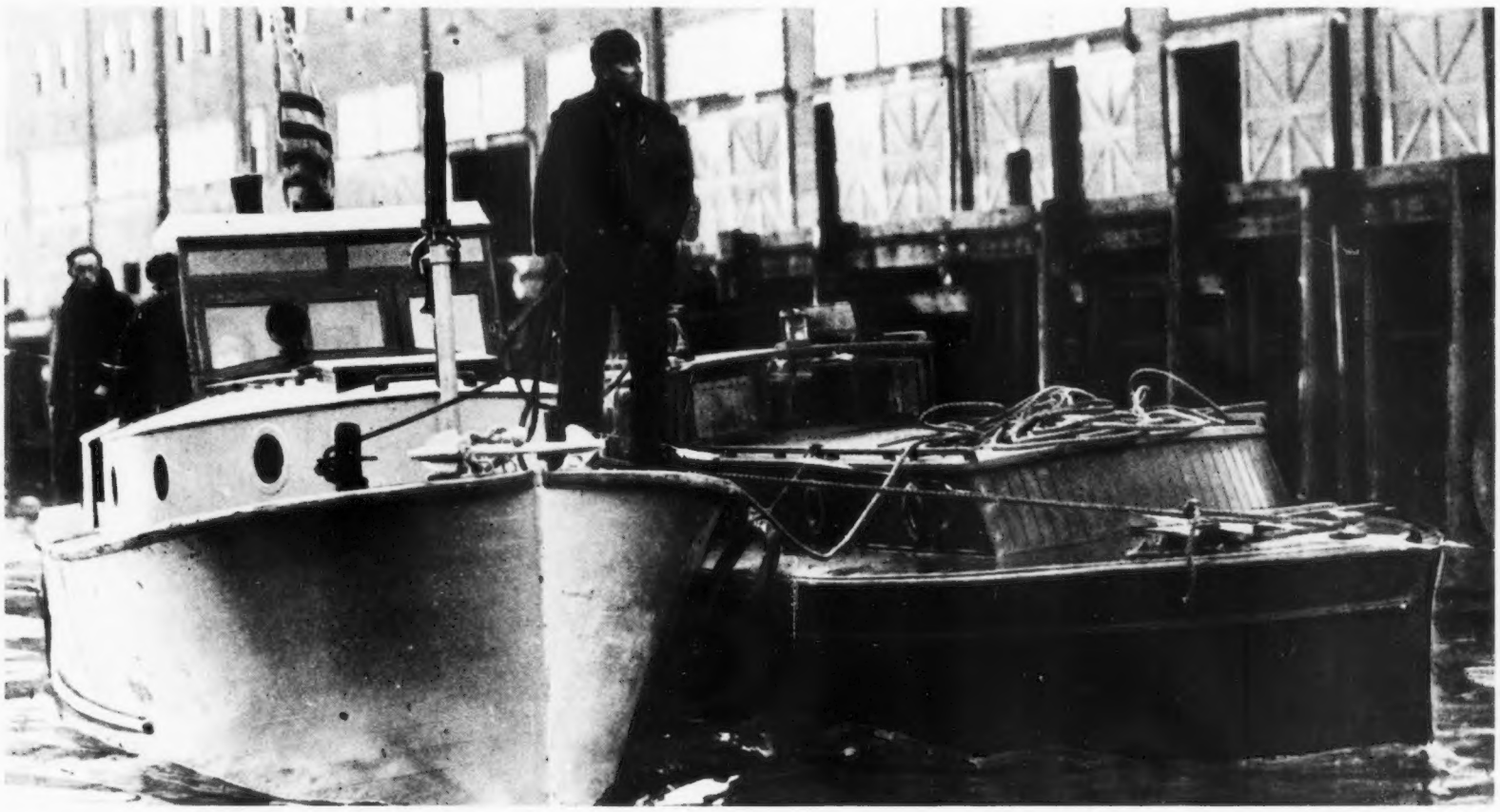

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